VOL. XLIV.—No. 578]

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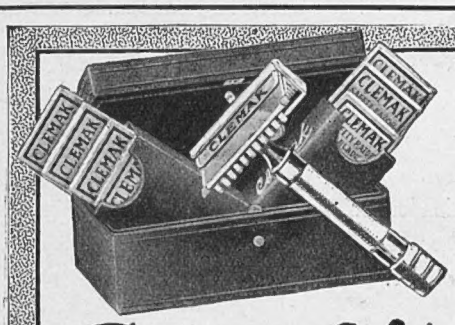

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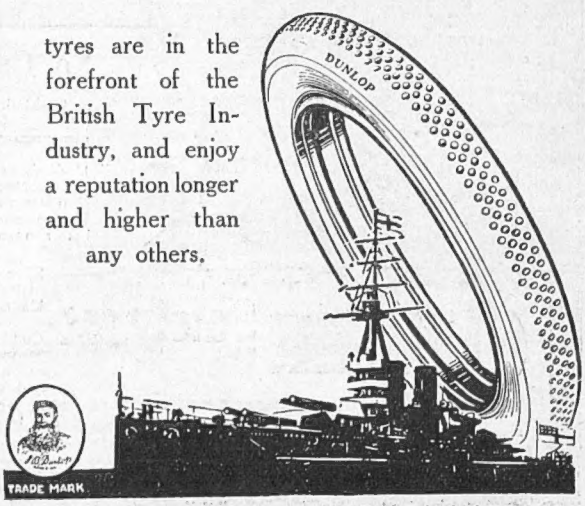

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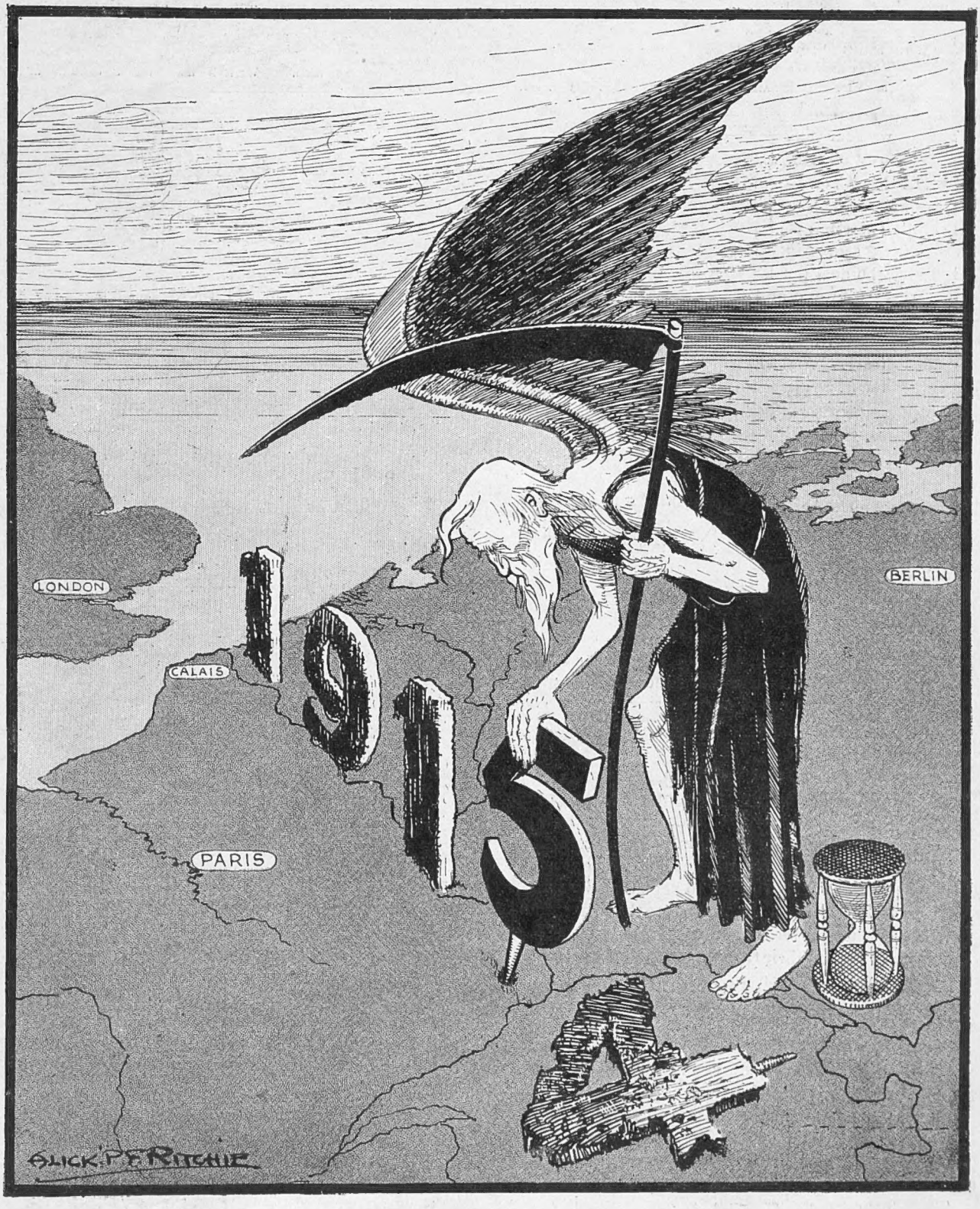
The Bystander, December 30, 1914.—No. 578. Vol. XLIV.

The BYSTANDER



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New Year Comments

BY THE BYSTANDER

The New Year and Peace

THE New Year—and may it bring Peace! There is not a living soul in Europe who does not look forward to the day when the flags shall wave and the bells shall ring, and to the night on which the corks shall fly and the rockets explode, and—I fear—the squirts shall squirt and the teasers tease. And I hope we shall have fine weather for it.

* *
*

To the End of the Bitterest End

To hope for Peace does not mean, of course (I put this in for the benefit of "CONSTANT READER" and "ENGLISHMAN") that we stand for any budging from the task that lies before each man of us, whether at the front, the back, or at business as usual. On the contrary. The hope for peace strengthens our deadly determination to go on with the war to the end of the bitterest end. No, the hope for Peace is pious, as one hopes for the Hereafter. It is something beautiful to contemplate, but not to go out of one's way to obtain. We believe that Peace will come upon us at some moment not of our choosing, and that our business is to go on doing or dying, or both.

* *
*

Harder Weather, Harder Hearts

With the hardest part of the winter we have to go through, probably, the hardest part of the war. As the ground hardens and the air grows colder, so will the hearts of the warring nations. Nevertheless, the soul within is still entitled to hope that Spring will bring relief: that when the nations see the buds sprouting and hear the birds twittering and feel the first warmth of the sun their thoughts will follow the correct poetic course and turn to thoughts of—not love, of course, but at least away from hate.

* *
*

Peace—How Will It Come?

Everybody is asking how can Peace possibly come? Only after the decisive defeat of the enemy, and that, so far as the Allies are concerned, seems a longer way off than next Spring. So, at all events, the soldiers will tell you. Properly enough! For it is the business of the soldier to be prepared to fight for ever rather than parley. But it is the men at the "back" who have the settlement of Peace terms. They went to war for definite objects, and once they see that there is little or no chance of success, they begin to think of Peace.

* *
*

A Change of Bird

As the Allies did not make the war, and are fighting for no gain to themselves, other than the right to live, it does not rest with them to *talk* of terms, but with the aggressor. The move is his: let him make it. For my part, I do not believe that Germany will continue to fight for long a war of which she can see so little chance of proving a winner. Three months more of the kind of fighting she has met with on the Yser—to say nothing of the Vistula—and the eagle will give place to the dove.

* *
*

German Moods

This forecast fits in ill with the hatred of England which we are told rages undiminished in the Fatherland. We take that hatred with a barrel of salt. It will vanish as suddenly as it was made to appear. Moods, in Germany, are part of the political mechanism. Hate of England was decided to be a necessary sequel to failure to conquer France. Germany needed a "consolation prize," and the Kaiser offered her perfidious Albion. So soon as Germany realises that Albion, too, is without her grasp, she will be told to acquire another mind-state.

* *
*

Consider the Allies

Having discovered that they could not storm the floods of Flanders, the Germans tried bridges. Having decided that they cannot scare England, they will try suasion. We shall, of course, spurn all attempts to soften us into peace on German terms. But Britain has Allies to consider. France and Belgium cannot be expected to let us—who experience at home no more of its horrors than were suffered at Scarborough and the Hartlepools—be sole arbiters of the war's duration.

* *
*

No Hatred Wanted

Meanwhile, one thing. Let the Germans hate us, if they will, without any attempt of ours to hate them back. The state of the popular German mind is the exclusive affair of the German sanitary authorities. We have our poetic hate-makers here as well. Some of their effusions are occasionally recited at places of

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

THE NEW YEAR: "Gee! What a nursery!"

BY RALPH CLEAVER

entertainment, but the general attitude of the audiences, many of them men in khaki, shows that they are not popular. Music-hall jingoism is as dead as mafficking.

***

A Change of Element

The spirit of war is taking to the air. While lines of battle on land remain nearly immovable and fleets at sea avoid action like the plague, the only place for Christmas liveliness was decided to be the clouds. Yuletide was celebrated by aerial bombs on earth and shells towards men. The Germans tried theirs on at Dover and at Sheerness (casualties, one cabbage), while the British went, in style, to Cuxhaven. The result in the latter attempt is "wropt" in the mystery of its own smoke. But we have at least the consolation of having caused as much alarm in the Fatherland as was caused to us by the visit to Scarborough. For Cuxhaven is what Scarborough is not, a fortified base.

***

What People Are Saying

What the British people are saying about Scarborough is that the bombardment of women and children is the work of a man who stands in the position of first cousin to His Majesty the King. Welcome, if a little belated, as were the Royal messages of "hearty sympathy" to the smitten towns, they would have been even more so had they conveyed in some strong phraseology what must be His Majesty's sentiments at his cousin's bloody butchery, and the setting at defiance by his naval "mercenaries" (they are paid, I believe, for their jobs) of the laws of war and the dictates of common humanity, to say nothing of sportsmanship, for which the German Navy has hitherto, falsely, been credited.

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded)

A Princely Spy

People up Scarborough way recall that quite recently Prince Henry of Prussia (also a cousin of the King) was the guest of Lord Londesborough at Londesborough Lodge, Scarborough. The Prince knows well enough how much of a "fortified town" is Scarborough. It will, I hope, be many moons hence before any English coast resorts will welcome to their peaceful precincts any more Princely Spies.

***

One Rule for the Press, Another for the Stage

The Censor of plays is evidently piqued as to the oblivion into which he is falling owing to the doings of his brothers of the Press, and is showing the fact. It can only be due to his interference that the stupidity was committed of "making up" the Emperor (Mr. Norman McKinnell) in Barrie's *Der Tag* to look like somebody quite different from William II., and his Chancellor to be equally different from Herr Bethmann-Hollweg. Why is it that papers may caricature the Kaiser to their hearts' content while the stage may not? Why should not the Kaiser be dealt with faithfully as the character of drama which he certainly is?

***

The Naked Truth

I see certain busybody American correspondents are still chiding the British Government for its failure to vie with Herr Dernberg in dressing up the British "case" to the taste of the American public. *Qui s'excuse, s'accuse!* The British case requires no dressing up. It looks best in the nude.

***

Fair Exchange

Paris is so enthusiastic over King Albert of the Belgians that a certain section of Society freely nominates him as the future King of France. On my asking a Parisienne how she would compensate the Belgians for annexing their sovereign, she replied, "Oh, but we shall give them Germany!"

***

Radical Wrath Out of Place

Sir Walter Runciman, the Radical M.P. for Hartlepool, is furious with Mr. Churchill because no guns equal to those of the German cruisers had been mounted at Scarborough and Whitby. Can't you just hear the cheers with which Sir Walter and his Radical friends would have received, before the war, the Navy Estimates that included those guns!

***

It Wouldn't Be Missed

The Austro-German front in Poland now forms a Z. We hope it is one they will have taken out of Przemsyl.

Why the Disguise?

Mr. Norman McKinnell as the Emperor, and Miss Irene Vanbrugh as the Spirit of Culture, in Sir J. Barrie's playlet, "Der Tag," at the London Coliseum. Among the many mysteries which have been crowded into the scena is the reason why Mr. McKinnell did not make up as Wilhelm II. Is it the Play Censor come to life again with an obsolete peace-time regulation against the representation on the stage of foreign monarchs?

In England—Now!

A LETTER FROM BLANCHE TO A COUSIN IN THE COLONIES

BLANCHE—OUR NEW CONTRIBUTOR

London, Dec. 28, 1914.

Dear Cousin,—

WHAT is London like in war-time? Well, much as usual, you know, except, perhaps, for the knitting. They say the men who wear even selections from the muffiers, helmets, mittens, body-belts, waistcoats, etc., that we've knitted for them look regular Falstaff's in the trenches. There's a needle famine already, and as for wool—positively only duchesses or wives of alien millionaires will be justified in knitting soon.

* * *

One gets accustomed to anything, doesn't one? And there's really very little difference between London now and London this time last year. Indeed, I'm not sure if, on the whole, we're not starting the New Year rather less depressed than usual. For pessimism's not the thing just now if you're really patriotic, and it's up to us to keep a cheerful countenance—though it may be a mask for tears!

* * *

It wasn't like that at the beginning of course. There was the excitement for one thing, and the newness and the nearness. And as every day our men marched away and there was hardly any news but bad news like Mons and Namur and Antwerp—well, there seemed then nothing in all this world so impossible as life as usual, work as usual, play as usual.

But we've changed all that, and changed it so completely that sometimes I almost wonder—is it *decent*, such utter, such calm detachment? The war's still the only topic, of course, and you can't get drinks after ten, and there's great economy in the illuminations' department, and no one sups any more, and there's been no autumn opera and no shooting-parties or hunt balls, and there wasn't any Motor Show, and I think winter sports are "off." Also, perhaps, one isn't buying so much as usual, clothes, anyway, and they say the theatres aren't doing too well, though as the music-halls *are*, perhaps that's because of the plays. But for the rest—I don't believe you'd know there *was* a war if you popped up suddenly and didn't see the khaki all round.

* * *

All the restaurants are nearly as crowded as ever, and not a jot or a tittle less cheery, on the surface, anyway—especially when the khaki aforesaid is present in force, for without it no hostess is truly happy nowadays. At the Savoy and other big places they're having New Year festivities as usual, which one can hardly call "war-time" functions—special licenses for the occasion, of course. Then the night clubs are re-opening, Murray's, the Lotus, and so on, though hours are earlier and *real* drinks stop at ten. At Prince's skating is going strong, and at the Carlton one sees the usual crowds at tea, while the Ritz is the chosen resting-places for ladies taking week-ends off from their labours "at the front."

"All the restaurants are nearly as crowded as ever, and not a jot or a tittle less cheery"

* * *

"I haven't got a footman now, and the maids don't like leaving their knitting!" said one woman as the reason for her numerous cheerful luncheon-parties at numerous cheerful restaurants. But you take that, naturally, with a little salt. The truth is, of course, that gregarious humanity hasn't got less gregarious just because there's a war, and that the funny new furry full frocks are much too amusing to blush unseen, so are the military hats, not to mention the very last words in how to do your hair. Also, all the knitting's been so very good for our nerves that war or no war, we're all looking quite a lot younger. Black, too—with pearls—is very becoming, and it's no good looking nice if you don't let people know about it, is it?

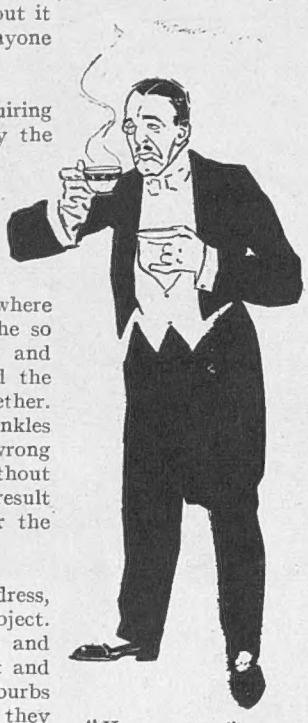
* * *

To be really *chic* these days you either have a "war" wedding or wear a nurse's uniform, or both. At least two duchesses are doing one or the other (Millicent Duchess of Sutherland has done both), as well as I can't remember how many lesser, but still great ladies, some of whom would give less offence, Lord Knutsford says, if they wore their uniforms more modestly and weren't photographed quite so often.

But because you're in uniform it doesn't always mean you've really got to nurse or wash bandages or scrub floors—indeed, one fair wearer of the strawberry leaves was permitted by the War Office to run a base hospital, on one condition only—that she didn't attempt to nurse in it! Merely to lend a house for the wounded or provide Tommy with tea and toast, or even to travel as often as possible between Folkestone and Boulogne, is quite excuse enough for that businesslike and (sometimes) becoming get-up. There's no rule about it like khaki, you know and anyone can—and does—wear it.

* * *

You can tell your inquiring friends down under, by the way, that 1915 fashions are going to be rather Russian, with a dash of military. All the fur round everything is on the *moujik* principle, or, anyway, looks as if it came from Russia, where the fashionable operas and the so artistically unmoral ballets and the *caviare* come from. And the "line" has changed altogether. We don't go in round our ankles now, we come out, and it's wrong to be seen in the streets without spats or boots—which is the result of the natural reaction after the 1*s.* 6*d.* silk stocking!



"Hours are earlier, and real drinks stop at ten"

* * *

But I musn't digress on dress, which isn't a war-time subject. We knit, as I've said, rich and poor, high and low, we knit and knit and knit, and in the suburbs and the country (where they knit too) life's a good deal brightened for our maidens just now by the "billets," which, of course, are those men of Kitchener's new army who aren't fixed up in huts or barracks.

* * *

The War Office pays you 23*s.* a week for keeping them, and they've got to have a pound of meat a day even if the heavens fall and the butcher doesn't come. Some of them, I'm told, behave badly, others nicely—it takes all sorts to make a world. But most of them, anyway, seem to know the rudiments of how to make love to a pretty girl. Some are quite advanced in the art—almost too much so, one gathers.

* * *

And Funds, Funds with a capital F—that's another thing we're great on in this war-time England of to-day. There's the Prince of Wales's Fund, with over four millions to play with, and Princess Mary's for sending brass boxes of chocolate to the front, and the Queen's "Work for Women" Fund, and dozens and dozens of others. The great puzzle is, of course—Where on earth does all the money go to? It's rather like those Russians. People meet people who've heard of people who know people who've got some. And still the tale of all the distress about soars daily to the Heavens!

* * *

On the other hand, there are people who're simply in clover as the result of all the relief funds. Cases where women normally getting twelve or fourteen shillings a week from their husbands have judiciously tapped the various funds for several pounds a week are not at all uncommon, and it won't be an unmixed joy for many of them, I'm afraid, when Tommy comes marching home again.

* * *

All the outcry, too, against putting the soldier's wife on separation allowance under police supervision is rather overdone. As most of the decent ones put it, "They're welcome to send all the police they likes to see me. They won't find nothing wrong. And as for them *others*, the more they're on their tracks the better! Make one ashamed that they do!" So funny, isn't it, how wicked it's considered to rob a poor Englishman—or woman—of his beer? We don't a bit mind robbing them of air, light, space, pure food, all the things that really matter.

* * *

You ask if it's not sad to see the wounded in London, and, of course, it is, but as a matter of fact over here we're almost entirely spared all that terrible side of war they see, say, in Calais or Boulogne. Such very badly hurt men as are brought to London are spirited off at once into the various hospitals, and the wounded you see about are either the practically recovered or the only slightly injured. And *their* great idea seem to be to put in as good a time as possible before they're officially "fit"

* * *

It's for them, as I've told you, that most of the lunches and dinners are given, and at a club not a hundred miles from Piccadilly I saw any number of more or less maimed warriors dancing Bostons and One-Steps with ardour the other afternoon. Many had hand wounds, so it fell to our sex to do what little holding we do do in the dance as danced to-day. And we did it, though I say so, quite nicely. Wonderful thing, woman's adaptiveness, isn't it?

* * *

They patronise the theatres, too, do these men who're home on the week-end leave from the front, which so astonishes the Germans. It supplies the touch of contrast, I suppose, after the horrors of the trenches! But I can't say I've seen much khaki at the homes of serious drama, not even at *The Dynasts*, which is military and patriotic. At places like the Ambassadors, though, where there's a big international mix-up revue and a short (but sweet) undressing act, our gallant defenders simply crowd the front seats. Ditto, I believe, at the Palace, where the great Gaby is the magnet for the men.

* * *

This war has proved once again, too, what we're all quite sure of and doesn't want proving—how very nice it is to be really very rich. There's no greater luxury than giving, everyone knows, and think how pleasant to send to France your three last year's motor-cars and still have the three (much better ones) you bought this! With a town house and several country ones, how convenient to hand all but the town house to the Government "for the wounded"—country-house parties are "off," anyway, for we all want to be on the spot to learn the news. And if you've a yacht you can lend it to the Red Cross with the maximum of kudos and the minimum of self-denial—no one's going sailing in Europe's mined seas *this* spring.

* * *

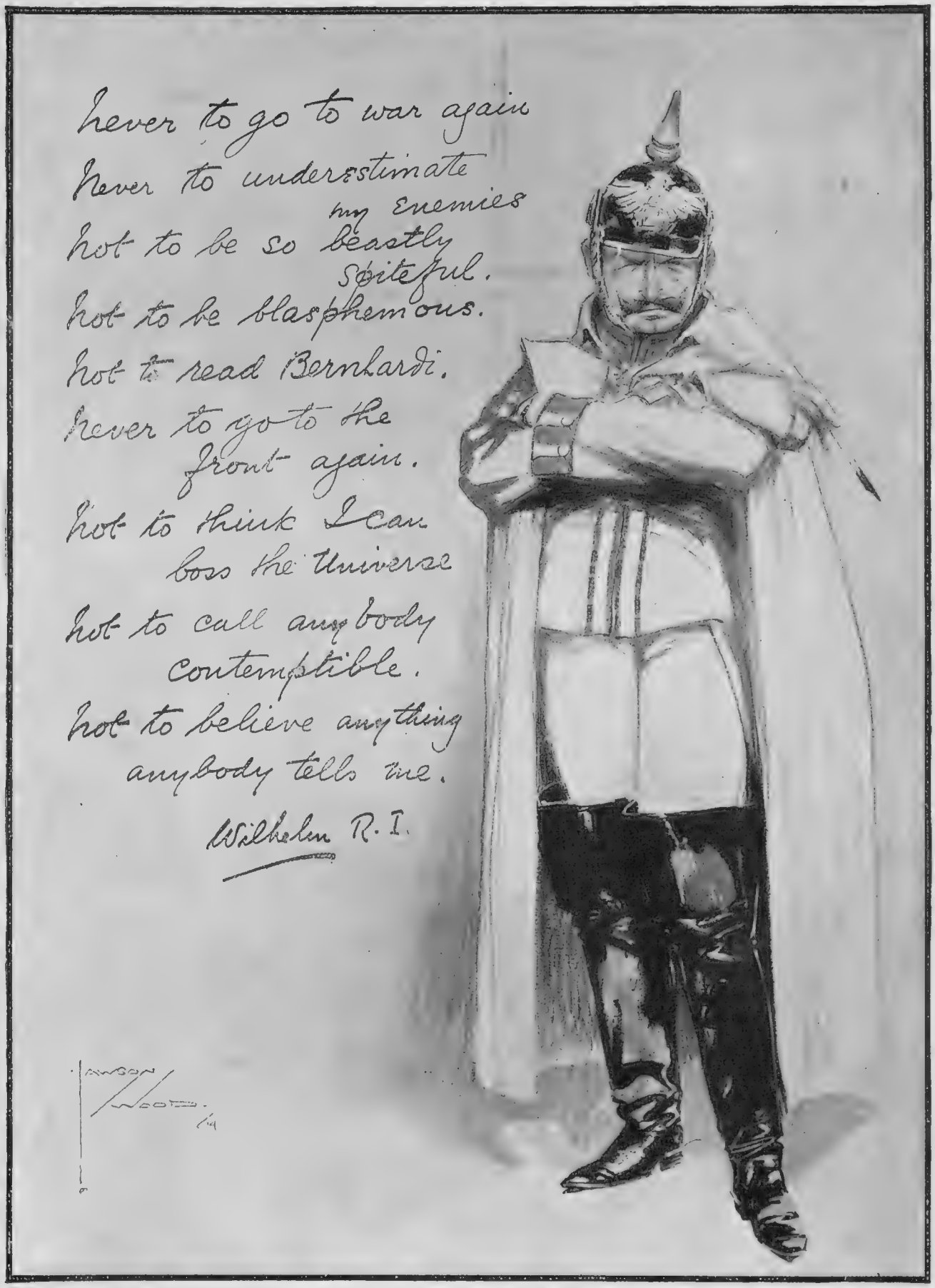
There was a regular deluge of offers of accommodation for wounded officers when the war began. But lots, they say, were withdrawn when the War Office accepted them for wounded Tommies! Which reminds me of a story that may not have reached your way yet. A new recruit up on leave met a friend who asked him if he'd applied for a commission yet. "No," said our hero to the man's obvious surprise, "I haven't. All the rest of my battalion have sent their names in, but my idea is that a regiment needs at least one regular, steady private."

With love,

Yours ever, BLANCHE

"The mufflers, helmets, mittens, etc., that we've knitted for them"

Submitted for Approval



A FEW NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS FOR THE CONSIDERATION OF H.I.M. THE KAISER

BY LAWSON WOOD

Josephs Who Will Know Not Pharaoh

THE NEW YEAR, THE NEW ARMIES, AND THE NEW FUTURE

BY "DOWNWRITER"

THE New Year is with us, and with it are our resolutions. This year everybody will be making them, as never before. Cynics no longer, having pawned all our bad habits, we are susceptible to the primitive influences. As quite a number of people were genuinely merry at Christmas, quite a number will be genuinely resolute at the New Year. The most generally taken of all resolutions will, of course, be that expressed in the one word "Join." All those people who have had no really just causes or impediments for stopping out will, with the New Year, step in. Joining is jollier in the New Year, with the Spring in sight, than it was in Autumn, when one had only the prospect of mud and ooze and infinite slime. It is nice, too, to think that by the time one is efficient one will at least be able to see one's enemy—if any—whether on the battlefield, on the seas, or in the skies. One welcomes the prospect of longer days and correspondingly shorter spells of Zeppelingitis. One feels in a joinsome humour, whether the thing one joins be Kitchener's Army, the Territorials, the Civil Volunteers, the Red Cross, or Winston's Own.

The New Year will certainly see the whole of England fallen in, and the public for which the journalist—himself also more or less "in"—writes in his spare time will be one with which he will be able to claim some personal acquaintance. He will (having joined) be brought literally into line with his gentle reader: will have marched miles and miles next to him, shared tent or billet or barn or trench with him, and have formed an impression of his countryman's psychology as he has not been able to know it as a result of rubbing elbows with so-called "society." In the course of a series of drills and route marches, I have talked of many things, and have concluded that the mind of my fellow-man works much as usual. More so! For "fallen in" one is more than usually usual. One's reserves of usualness, kept in the background in peace time, get busy and move to the front, and positively overwhelm any forces of Unusualness that may still lurk about one's person.

One talks of the war, of course. His very presence in the ranks is a proof that the war matters to your fellow-man. He is wondering when, how, and where it is to be ended, and has his own particular set of special reasons for believing one thing or another. But the war as a topic soon wears itself out. One discovers wearily that one is saying and listening to the same thing automatically over and over again, and heaves a sigh of relief when the subject changes to something that has nothing to do with war whatever—one of those things that, like art, or literature, or travel, or sport used to be everything to one before *it* happened. And how magical a place the world seems to have been in those days! The people one used to know—then! The places one used to visit—then! The things one used to do—then! The *ante bellum* days seem like a chapter out of Grimm's fairy tales. Party politics, feminism, futurism, racing, speculation, the drama, music, mountaineering, Montmartre, Bals Masqués, ski-ing at St. Moritz, tennis at Cannes—what a world it all was! And now—left, right, left . . . left: about turn, quick march, right wheel, change direction, right form!—quite a different world, this.

And one wonders. Suppose suddenly a great burst of Common Sense miraculously descended from Heaven, and entered into the minds of the Kaiser, the Tsar, the French President and Sir Edward Grey, as a result of which they one and all decided, on the command "As You Were," to restore things as they were last July. What would happen to—Us? I mean the marching men. We are at present filled with a new spiritual zeal for national duty, and have a familiarity with ideas of discipline and endurance and boredom that makes us as different a nationality from the English of last July as the Chinese have ever been from the Peruvians. Do our Able Authorities realise that the volcano called War has thrown up on the site formerly occupied by England another place of the same name? You know what happened when there arose in Egypt a Pharaoh who knew not Joseph. That monarch dealt very brutally with the tribes that had, as it were, been "It" under the old *régime*. The position of England of to-morrow will be that there will have arisen four or five millions of Josephs who know not Pharaoh. There will be a manhood militarised out of all relation to its former self, experienced in the use of the weapons which our Pharaohs in office have themselves proclaimed to be the arbiters of all causes.

Having, to use another Scriptural simile, taught the people of Judah the use of the bow, is it supposed that the Judæans in question will be content obediently to unlearn their very invigorating lesson? The new armies have been called into being, I know, to "crush militarism." But as militarism will have insinuated its iron into the national soul, with remarkably fine physical and moral effect, perhaps it will positively refuse to allow itself to be crushed. You have taught a man that to spend his whole time, or much of his spare time, drilling, marching, rifle practising, digging himself in, and doing a number of other dem'd damp, moist, unpleasant things is a noble performance. He has taken you at your word. But you are not going, directly you have signed another "scrap of paper," to convince him that the thing that was once noble suddenly becomes ignoble: that the new spirit that has got hold of him is suddenly become an evil spirit. I for one having acquired, for myself,

Lebewohl, Emden!

THE GERMAN CORSAIRS TAKE LEAVE OF THE SHIP THAT PLAYED THE GAME

Everybody in the British Empire has a soft place in his heart for the late unlamented "Emden." A picture of the crew being taken from her remains is shown above. Successful as she was, and unscrupulous, the "Emden" confined her attention to legitimate prey, and though she had numberless opportunities, she did not murder defenceless citizens in open coast towns. When she attacked Madras, she shelled the defences only, not the women and children. It would seem that it is only when he gets out of the sphere of influence of the Kaiser and his staff that a German becomes a sportsman and a gentleman. The "Emden" was out of the way of Berlin's instructions, and she played the game

a new rifle, some military gait, the belief in a uniform, and a stoical indifference to rain, cold, and mud, shall feel disinclined to be pitched back again into the ways of what, though I enjoyed it very much, I now see to have been a rather contemptible past. No, Sir. You have militarised me, and I will be shot if I'll let you unmilitarise me in too sudden a fashion.

Among the real soldiers are, I know, many—thousands, perhaps—who will tell you that modern warfare is unspeakably detestable, "No longer a fit occupation for a gentleman," said one wounded hero to me the other day. "Only good enough for a damned rabbit." The pleasure of such men in the prospect of a return to peace is indescribable. But rail as they may against war, what is Peace going to be to them when they get it? Dislike war as he may, a man who has been through its experiences will be little disposed to return to the sedentary city life of old. If he has found days together in a trench very dreary, I doubt whether he will change them too contentedly for years on end in an office.

London will be populated very largely by gentlemen who are not gentle. Erect figures will swing through streets, and far away looks will be seen in eyes. There will be a certain liveliness about them which will fit in ill with the earning of daily bread at the drudgery of desks. I heard the other day from a young man who was formerly a sybarite in the City, but is now guarding the north-eastern coast. "We bathe in the sea, every morning," he said, "and dry ourselves on the barbed wire entanglements." Now, *he* is not going to be much good in any office after this war. And his name is Legion.

A harder, sterner, de-sentimentalised race of men will come to take the place of the decadent Englishman of yore, and I foresee that our Pharaohs will, unless they are very wise, suffer at the hands of the new Josephs the fate which the descendants of the old Joseph suffered at the hands of Pharaoh. The New Englishman will demand his share in the running of the new England, and will be familiar with the use of the weapons by which political changes are wrought. He will consent neither to fight, nor to keep the peace, at the dictation of Pharaoh. He will claim the right to settle for himself who shall be his enemies, if any. Having smashed the Kaiser, as I think he is going to do, the New Englishman will be out to smash the next thing—and it may be something nearer home.

The authorities will have made a new Englishman, and they will be likely to prefer that he should be given at least a chance of displaying his new qualities at the expense of the German. Does the German also realise this? I rather think he does, and that is the principle reason why he is so desperately anxious to get the war over. He doesn't see the humour of awaiting the arrival on the Continent of Kitchener's fresh Army at about the time when what remains of his own army is tired and sick unto death. He would like very much to be able to strike a blow at England's heart before the new Army is ready. Invasion is not as easy as he thought it would be. Therefore, he will "raid." Scarborough was deliberately intended to scare the still remaining non-combatants of Britain into making peace before the new soldiers of Britain are quite ready to go out to war. But it won't succeed. The New Army is blowed if it will be deprived of the chance of settling the war. DOWNWRITER

"CARRIED UNANIMOUSLY"

MOTOR-CYCLIST
LADY "FIRST-AIDERS" } (*ensemble*): "What a piece of luck!"

How Like their Grandfather!

Photograph *Poole, Waterford*

MRS. MAX GREEN, DAUGHTER OF MR. JOHN REDMOND, WITH HER TWIN SONS, MAX AND REDMOND

Her husband, Mr. Max S. Green, to whom she was married in 1913, is chairman of the Irish Prisons Board, and was formerly Secretary to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland

"Palmam Qui Meruit Ferat": The

THE APPROACH TO THE GREAT KAER-EL-NIL BRIDGE OVER THE NILE AT CAIRO

THE CITADEL OF CAIRO AND THE MINARET OF THE MAHOMET ALI MOSQUE

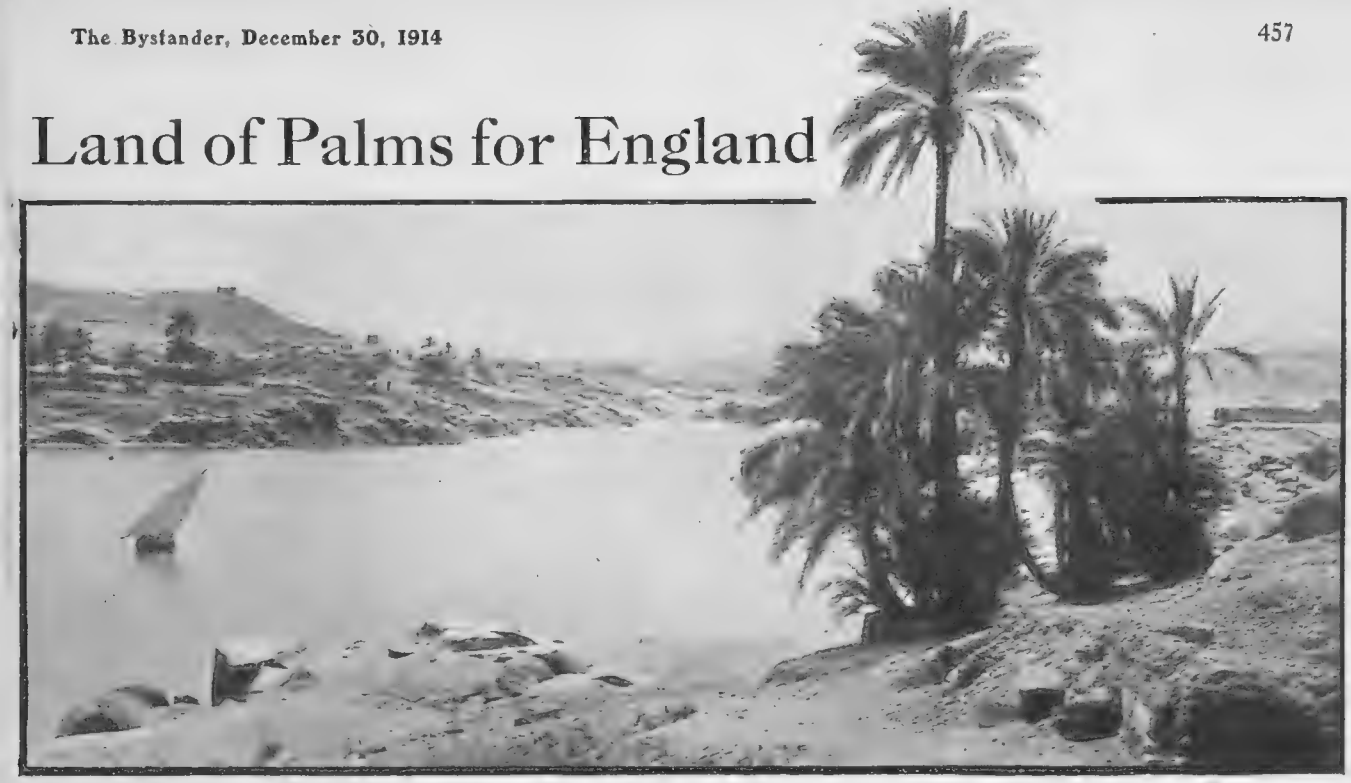
AN ARAB AT PRAYER IN THE DESERT NEAR THE THREE PYRAMIDS OF GHEZEH

Photographs

AN EVENING SCENE: EGYPTIAN BOYS WATERING BULLOCK NEAR THE PYRAMIDS OF GHEZEH

A Batch of Pretty Pictures from the Land of the Pharaobs which has now

Land of Palms for England



A VIEW OF THE NILE AT ASSOUAN NEAR THE FIRST CATARACT

Cutler

A QUAINT SILHOUETTE EFFECT PRODUCED BY A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AT SUNSET ON THE NILE

been proclaimed an Independent Sultanate under the Protection of Great Britain

As It Was and As It Is: Fox-Hunting at the Front

FOX-HUNTING AT THE FRONT IN THE PENINSULAR WAR, 1814

A RUN WITH THE NEWLY-FORMED BATTLE HUNT CLUB IN FRANCE, 1914

Wherever the Englishman, and more especially the English Officer goes, he takes with him his ingrained love of sport for which he shows such keenness that his neighbours soon catch the infection. The majority of our cavalry officers are hunting men and this explains why fox-hunting (which no fox-hunter can wholly do without in any circumstances) is indulged in at the front at every available opportunity nowadays just as it was in the Peninsular War, as readers of Conan Doyle's "Brigadier Gerard" will remember

BY LIONEL EDWARDS

The Right to Pleasure

A WOMAN'S PLEA FOR THE SOLDIER: BY "EFEMERA"

I DARESAY we are all patriotic—or think we are—and that our feelings towards the defenders of our country are everything that they should be, but some of us have an odd way of revealing our sentiments.

There seems to be a not inconsiderable confusion of ideas as to our conduct towards the Army. We read in the papers highly censored accounts of the feats of our heroes in khaki and patriotic thrills crawl up and down our backs. Some of us in the throes of enthusiasm rush in where angels fear to tread with offers of amateur First Aid and Home Nursing; others rabidly collect comforts for the troops in the trenches. Far be it from me to deny or belittle the needs and merits of our men serving at the front, but it seems to me that the men in our midst so patiently preparing for active service receive rather less than their due. Perhaps this is owing to an unconscious persistence in the tradition that soldiers as a class are a disreputable, if not reprobate, portion of the community, though why the King's uniform should at any time be other than a badge of honour passes my comprehension.

MISS WISH WYNNE

Who has been making one of her rare variety appearances at the London Coliseum recently

Not long ago I read a letter in one of the papers which set forth (I speak subject to correction) that a certain band of women and girls had pledged themselves in the interests of right conduct not to speak to a man in uniform! In my hearing, persons have objected to officers and privates being seen at places of entertainment, notably certain clubs where dancing is the chief amusement. Others, and this is the most astounding, have deplored the presence at smart restaurants of wounded officers returned from the front, because, forsooth, the sight of bandages was not conducive to appetite and light-hearted gaiety. If we had not these same brave men to defend us, where would our gaiety be? How many of us would be able to continue our ordinary round of life unlet and unhindered? Who has a better right to any social pleasure? Obviously men in barracks or camp or huts and their dependents are not plaster saints, and I do not know why we should expect them to be; neither do I see why these men's dependents should be subjected to police surveillance, however kindly, any more than the dependents of absent labouring men, stockbrokers, or Members of Parliament.

As a matter of fact, the insults offered to soldiers and their wives are an indirect affront to ourselves. It is all very fine to wish to play the guardian angel to the defenders of our homes, but how many of us would like others to attempt a like protection of our noble selves and how many of us are qualified for that impeccable rôle? By what right do we insist that men in uniform shall, at all costs and in every way, uphold the dignity of the country and exemplify the seriousness of the task they have undertaken, unless our restraint and self-sacrifice be demonstrably greater than theirs?

By the mere act of enlisting they have staked their all. It ill-becomes us to criticise any lightness of conduct on the part of our men so long as we accept their sacrifice and the risk of their lives. Certainly they have a far better right to make merry than have we. If the spectacle in our frivolous haunts of bandaged warriors causes us discomfort, then for heaven's sake let us stop at home and keep our imbecile strictures to ourselves.

It is more than laughable that we should arrogate to ourselves the superior dignity of being our brother's moral keeper the while he is engaged at the risk of life and limb in keeping us. So far from seeking to hedge our defenders about with insulting and futile restrictions we should make it our task to see that not a single man of His Majesty's forces lacks opportunity for honest recreation. I am not suggesting that the houri should usurp the place of the ministering angel—though who in his wildest dreams could imagine a thorough-going British houri?—but I do insist that an angel can minister to pleasure as well as to pain. And certainly, keeping up a man's spirits is quite as important as soothing his fevered brow. In any case, the present is no time for indulging selfish frivolity or equally selfish vicarious puritanism.

EFEMERA

Miss Lily Elsie

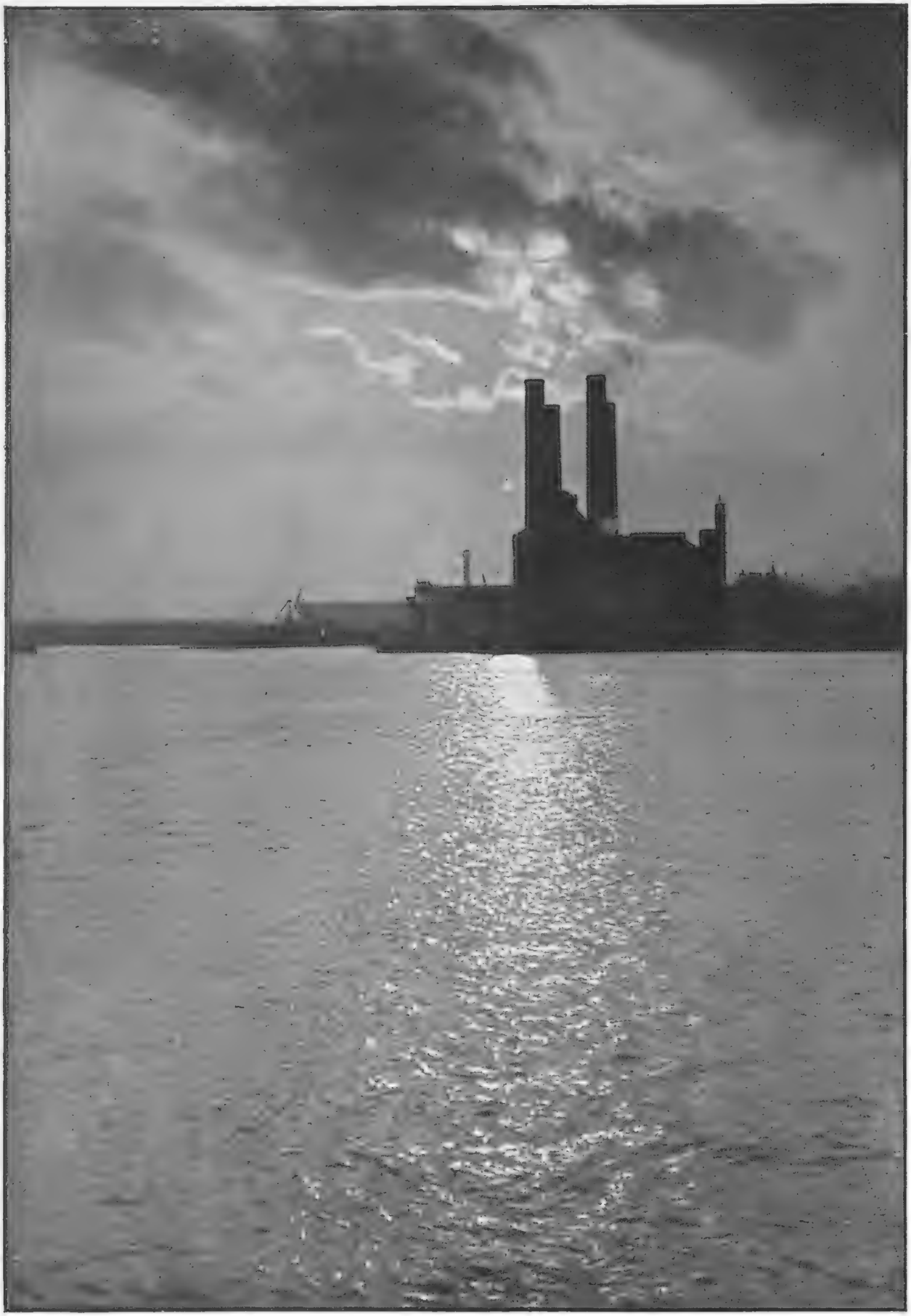
Makes a Brief and Welcome Re-appearance on the Stage—and in "The Bystander"

Photograph *Rita Martin*

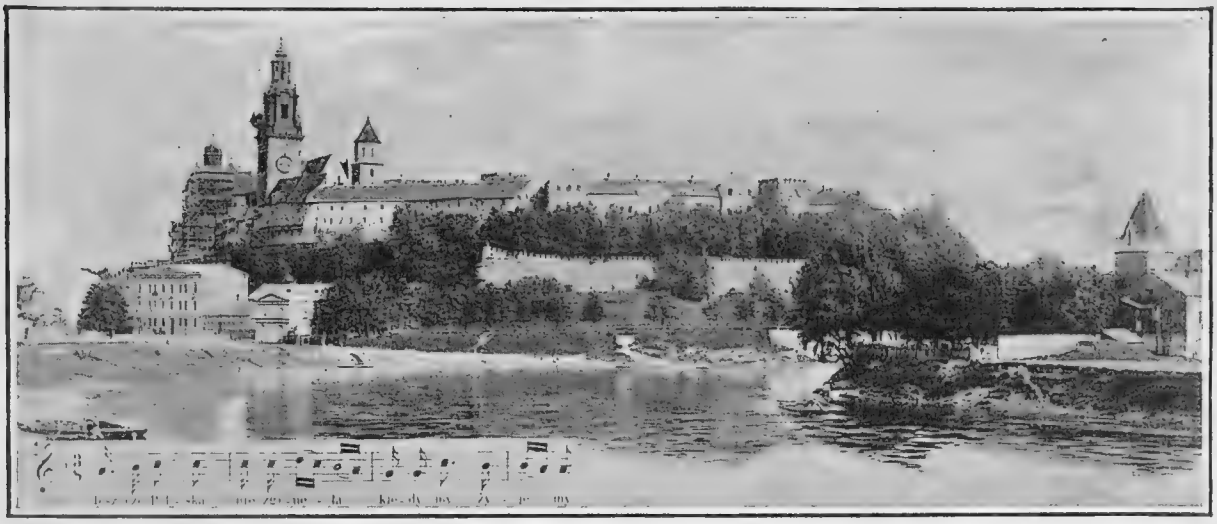
MISS LILY ELSIE (MRS. IAN BULLOUGH)

Whose recent re-appearance at the Coliseum at the concert in aid of the Belgian Christmas Fund, was the signal for an ovation which testified to the abiding loyalty of playgoers to their favourites. The desire of hundreds to see and hear her sing once more helped to raise the sum realised by the entertainment to well over four figures. [We are also glad to have her again as one of our full pages. It is like old times.—Ed.]

Night on the Thames



THE POWER STATION ON CHELSEA EMBANKMENT BY MOONLIGHT
A photographic study



CRACOW: THE FORMER CAPITAL OF STORM-TOSSED POLAND. WHAT WILL ITS FATE BE IN THE PRESENT WAR?

Seeing Battle With the Ears

BY THE BYSTANDER IN POLAND

BEFORE this arrives the Old Year will be dying. Dead, I hope, beneath a Winged Victory will be the Second Battle of Poland. It began on November 13 by a bloody fight at Wlozlawsk; and still proceeds. Apart from the suffering, it is an interesting, a delectable battle—to Warsaw. Warsaw sees it through the ears. I draft this in the Hotel Bristol Café on the margins of the *Mucha;* and with me is Pan (Mr.) Stanislaus Steinlen, introduced as "the man who knows more about Poland than Dmowsky." Dmowsky is Poland's Parnell. I shut my ears to Mr. Steinlen—guess his race and faith. It is six o'clock. When I open them, I hear a dull, cryptic, oracular boom, boom, boom.

I heard this boom last in Manchuria. Then it was near. Now it is fifty miles off, somewhere near Sokatchew, on the Bsura River, where is "Big Nikolai's" right wing. "Big Nikolai"—*Bolshoi Nikolai*—is not a bird, though he has wings; at least, he is too old a bird to be caught by Prussian chaff. I say to Pan Steinlen: "That comes from Sokatchew." "It is General Plehve shelling Czenstochow," says the man who knows more about Poland than Dmowsky. Czenstochow is three hundred kilometres away.

Captain Osip Semionoff, whom I last saw volunteering in Servia, comes into the Bristol Café. On a crutch. He got a slight wound in the leg, only ten days ago. He tells me of the bloody fight at Piontek, in which the nut Hindenberg broke our centre; and got two of Mackensen's army corps into a trap. Rags of them escaped. Mackensen seized Konarshew hamlet, which is beyond the Piontek marsh. Three battalions held it. Russian shells set the hamlet on fire. At night the burnt-out Germans blundered into the marsh. Six hundred were drowned or mud-smothered; seven hundred were shot; the rest dispersed or surrendered. The Saxon staff officer responsible for a map blunder asked to be transferred to the fighting line. Transferred he was; and he redeemed his fault (so prisoners say) by eating a bullet at Lodz.

Warsaw is in good spirits. It hears the Battle. It has all the thrill and interest of war, and no peril. Sometimes it sees Battle. Thrice have citizens peered at Zeppelins, or other airships. The airship seen by me, I think, was a Gross. I saw it foreshortened on a mixed sun and snow day; and I saw a flash from it, and heard a roar. No harm was done. Next day I drove to Schopy, within the circle of forts; and saw what a Zeppelin, or other airship, may do. An airship dropped a bomb which made a hole six metres by four. Near Ypres it would have made a hot bath for Britons. Here people don't wash.

Warsaw's good spirits are volatile. They change. Warsaw for ten reasons dreads a German success. First, most intimate, it would have to pay. Yesterday when we heard that Hindenberg's centre had been driven in on Sgersh and Strykow; and that Lodz was saved, fifty Poles assembled in the Saxon Garden, and chanted 'Not yet, not yet, is Poland lost." They sang well, tearfully. I talked English to Pan Stanislaus. A constable said politely in bad Russ: "Don't speak German, sir; it's dangerous." "*Ne govori po niemetski; opasno!*" So history repeats. Once THE BYSTANDER in Tsarland was seized as a German because his hair was brief.

Wounded in sixes and eights parade the Marzalkowska Street, the Jerusalem Street, and the last Polish king's villa park. Here it was that the Zeppelin, or Gross, dived from the snow-clouds. They took great interest in the explosion; the Poles ejaculated *Przszbyscz!* which is, apparently, a Polish word. THE BYSTANDER in Poland and a small, high-nosed boy searched for bomb fragments. The boy found an angle marked with a "W.W." Presumably "*Wilhelm's Weihnachtsgeschenk*" — which means, "William's Christmas Present." In vain THE BYSTANDER in Poland tried to purchase this for a rouble. The boy asked ten. Guess his race and faith.

The Super-Ineligibles

A THOUGHT FROM THE RANKS OF A VOLUNTEER TRAINING CORPS

Officially Useless

WE are the Grande Armée of the Unfit. We are the short-sighted, the slightly deaf, the too-short, the too-old-at-forty. The Rejected Brigade, the remnants of the military season. The privately managed, civilian corps, which have sprung up of late everywhere like (slightly shaky) dragon's teeth, and begun drilling " on their own," at their own expense. Only just embodied, yet already we know that we are a great national movement with vast possibilities.

Our chief qualification is that we are officially looked on as perfectly useless. Practically the only examination is one to see that we are not Germans. The age-limit is thirty-five to ninety, and the height four-foot-ten to seven feet. No wonder the recruits come in by scores per day for a single battalion. Our country doesn't want us, but we enjoy ourselves just the same.

Our Limitations

Our conversation is largely about diseases. A short-sighted recruit—who has been spun for the Army—wants to know how it was that Nelson was good enough for the Navy when he had only one eye. A protuberant gentleman of forty-seven complains that Lord Kitchener is at his prime at sixty-three, and Bismarck was able to do any amount of mischief at seventy. Another gentleman in my section tells me that he has a weak heart (which might cause him to die suddenly at any moment), but is, nevertheless, as robust as anyone in the Life Guards. But it seems to give a man an unfair advantage over the enemy; a soldier in that state of health does not run the same risks as other people; it ought to make him absolutely reckless.

The man to my left has once been in the Army, and does the drill like a book, but he is done in in one ear, and can't hear the orders. On the command to about-turn he starts at the double; ordered to form fours he breaks off, puts on his coat, and goes out to dinner. He is always either standing on my feet or bolting away from me in the wrong direction.

That Grand Old Watchword

Cripples to left of us, invalids to right of us, short-sighted gentlemen behind us—muddled and blundered. It is not magnificent, and it is not war (except war with the drill-sergeant). But are we down-hearted? Emphatically—and with the possible exception of the man with the weak heart—No! Those of us who know hardly anything about drill—a fair proportion—recollect that Clive became a general at five minutes' notice, and that Wellington was looked upon as the fool of the family.

The rear rank marches over the front rank, and the cyclists charge the commanding officer. But it " will be all right on the night." We stand by our national motto of " muddling through somehow "—that grand old watchword which we took from the Spaniards in the Peninsular War, which has never failed us yet in our hour of need and will not fail us now!

You can have too much organisation. You can be a perfectly organised fool. You can organise yourself till you are black in the face and yet make an ass of yourself. Look at the Germans! A man can do the wrong thing systematically, it has been said; and conversely, a man can do the right thing unsystematically. For instance, the Turks in the Crimean War. Everyone knew they were hopeless bunglers; so they were except in one detail—they refused to be beaten.' '

The Army That Never Was 'Listed

Well, an Englishman is equal to three Turks; statistics prove it, and therefore—well, the syllogism is obvious. At first, I believe, the authorities did not much care for our Volunteer Training Corps. I differed from them on this point entirely—I always differ from the authorities on almost every point. And for this reason. Suppose we were absolutely useless—not so much of a supposition, the carper will murmur. Suppose we could not hit anything—and for all some of us know about rifle-shooting we might as well be German riflemen—we should still be a great movement for popularising the Army, for " creating the habit " of military service; we should be a gigantic recruiting agency. We are the missing link; we bridge the gulf which exists in this country between the civil and the military, which makes every recruit feel that in enlisting he is making the plunge into an unknown where he will disappear, never to be heard of again, where he will be subjected to horrible hardships and persecutions.

The Military Habit

When his grey-headed old uncle and his invalid younger brother come back from their drill, flushed and boisterous, full of strange oaths and jabbering military shop, he will begin to feel that the Army is not such a dreadful thing after all, and the khaki will cease to arouse in him that disgust which it naturally does in every man of any artistic sense.

In every nation there must always be a percentage of men ineligible for military service, all of whom are a retarding force to recruiting, for we are strongly imitative; if the authorities knew anything of human nature—supposing such a thing possible—they would know that a man becomes a soldier, not because his country calls him, or because 100,000 men are wanted at once, " for the duration of the war," but because other men have become soldiers. Here is a very simple solution of the recruiting problem—arm and drill all the hopeless ineligibles in the country!

Then you have created the habit of soldiering. There is a habit of soldiering, just as there is a habit of church-going, of emigrating, of motoring. We live by habit; not one man in a million is able to strike out a line for himself. The Volunteer Training Corps are not so much a force as a habit.

(*Continued on page 466*)

The New Year—By An Optimist

(Continued from page 465)

Fifth and Last Line of Defence

There are various other advantages in this Fifth and Last Line of Defence. For instance, its delightful informality. It has none of the cast-iron ceremony and stiff-backed devotion to rule which makes official life so disagreeable to anyone who, like myself, has any originality and personal initiative.

I enlisted in my own corps quite by accident. I dropped into a large hall when passing with a friend, had a brief chat with someone I met, observed that the thing seemed first-class, or some polite remark of that kind, and next day I was informed that I was posted to B Company, and was thereby compelled to attend so many drills without the option, and was, apparently, also expected to perfect myself in courses of musketry, Swedish gymnastics, scouting, engineering, map-making, tactics, and a few other trivial pastimes, which would fairly thoroughly fill the day of a perfectly idle man—which I certainly am not.

I had not sworn anything or signed anything. If these are the amusements of the amateur dilettante, I wonder how much the professional soldier has to learn, and what he does in his spare time? What a brain the "military expert" must have.

Breaking the Ice

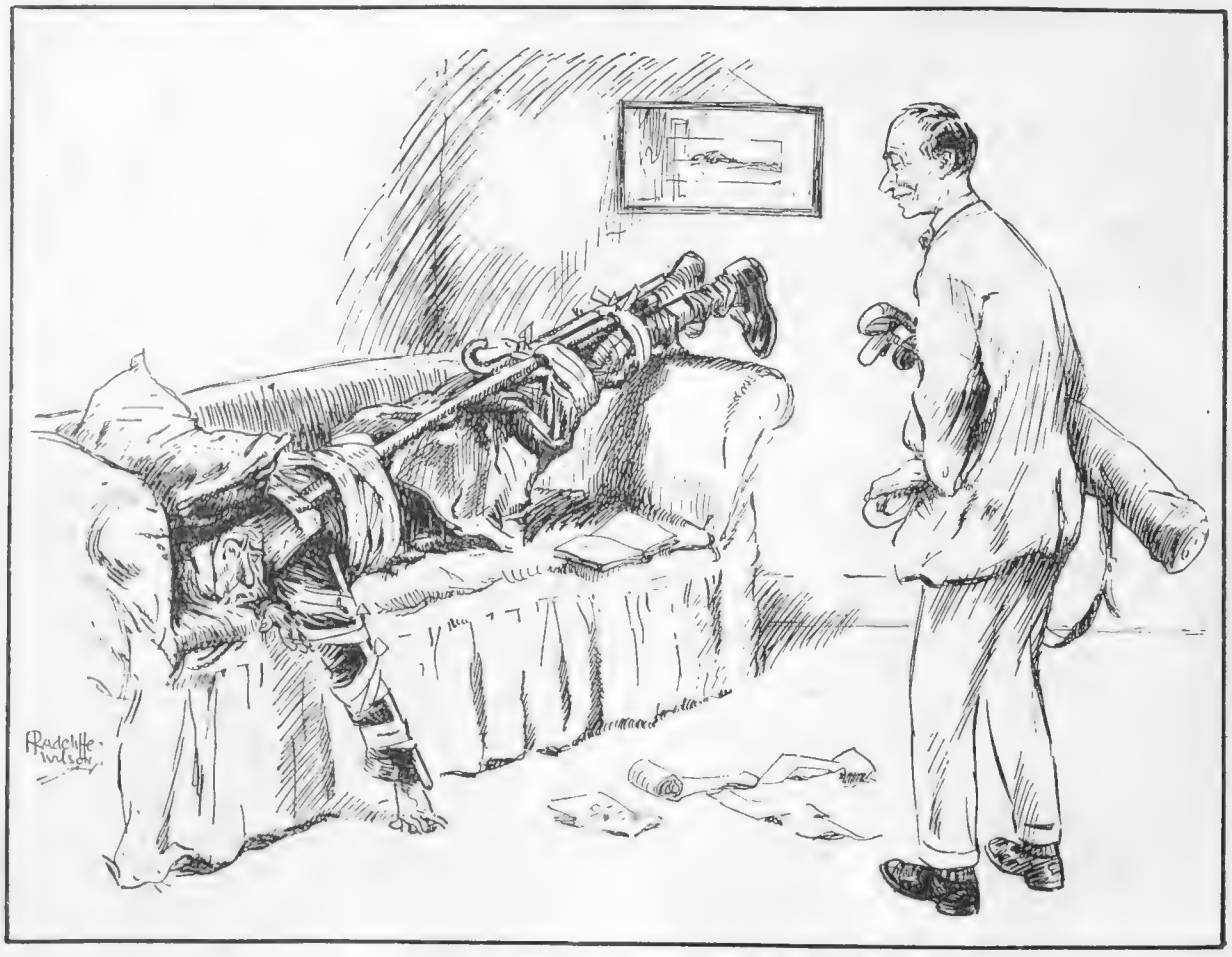
But this informality does an immense amount of good in that "breaking of the ice" of enlisting which keeps so many would-be recruits away. Naturally they dread the plunge into the unknown, which the authorities succeed in making as mysterious as they can by keeping from the public all information of the welfare of the soldier. It is like going to gaol without its comfort and security.

Let a man have but half-a-dozen sample drills, "without any obligation," like taking a free mechanical piano on approval—and he would become a soldier. That is largely the *raison d'être* of having half a million unfit men drilling to do nothing whatever.

A Popular Delusion Exposed

And again—look at the increase in respect for the profession of soldier. When the amateur has thoroughly studied all the departments I have briefly sketched out above, together with a few relating to aeroplaning, chemistry, medicine, surgery, bridge-building, motor-driving, horse-mastership, accountancy and so on, he begins to doubt the popular delusion that one can be a distinguished soldier without having such a thing as a brain, recollecting that along with his studies the military man is supposed to keep in perfect physical training. No, there must be a certain amount of work done in the Army, after all!

But someone shouts "'Shun!" The heart-diseased gentleman starts and puts his hand to his side, the short-sighted corporal falls over my feet, and the deaf man fixes bayonet and prepares to charge. We must get back to work! HILL ROWAN



HINTS TO HUSBANDS

If your wife insists upon practising her bandaging on you, you must likewise insist on her undoing you before she leaves the room, otherwise you might be found by a chance visitor in this embarrassing position

Everybody Will Be Doing It

SEARCH FOR BATTLEFIELD SOUVENIRS LIKELY TO BE THE TOURIST'S DELIGHT OF THE NEW YEAR

THE VILLAGE PRIEST AND HIS FLOCK SEARCHING FOR SOUVENIRS ON A BATTLEFIELD

A SOUVENIR HUNT AMONG THE LITTER IN A RAILWAY GOODS YARD IN FRANCE

IN France and Belgium all the stricken fields are strewn with possible souvenirs, and ruined villagers poke about amid the litter, forgetting for a while their woes and the dread havoc of war. Besides, there is money to be made in this way. A couple of "pickelhauben" have a marketable value in the shop windows of London or Paris. Already London has its share of German souvenirs — water-bottles belts, helmets and iron crosses from which no Teuton can possibly escape. Shrapnel balls litter the fields like peas; and there are also lance-heads, wicker cases for shells, Bibles and hymn-books, caps, rifles, and sword-bayonets of many types. Soon there will not be a home in the land, gentle or simple, without its souvenir; and father will gaze solemnly in the glass to see how he really looks in the spiked helmet of a Pomeranian dragoon

A FRENCH VILLAGER'S "BAG" FROM THE TRENCHES NEAR RHEIMS

A GOOD HAUL OF GERMAN SHELLS, THE SALE OF WHICH WILL HELP TO RECOUP THE PEASANTS FOR THEIR LOSSES

Already seats are being booked for tours (dates subject to revision) in motor-cars round the battlefields of France and Belgium, and the tourist will be able to indulge his taste for souvenir-hunting to his heart's content. No doubt, if, as the result of the holiday rush, the supply of suitable souvenirs runs short, arrangements will be made for replenishing it. Tenders from several enterprising firms are already under consideration

Concerning "The Day"

THE NEW BARRIE PLAYLET AT THE COLISEUM

BY "JINGLE"

THERE is an ineradicable impression in this country that for many years it has been the habit of officers of the German Navy to raise their glasses at dinner-time and drink to "The Day" when they should be called upon to attack England. Curiously enough, some two or three years ago I read in a quite innocent German newspaper that this story, having been brought to the notice of Prince Henry of Prussia, was characterised by that distinguished gentleman as a "*gemeine Lüge*," which, being interpreted, is a vulgar tarradiddle. Sir James M. Barrie has, however, no two opinions on the matter, and he has written a playlet, entitled *Der Tag*, which is the alien enemy equivalent of "The Day." It has been boosted in a good many quarters as a latter-day masterpiece, but I think he has been more lucid and more coherent in his time.

When the curtain went up we saw Mr. Norman McKinnell as the "Emperor." Although he wears no fanciful moustache, there is no doubt as to whom Mr. McKinnell is supposed to represent, because there is only one Emperor in the limelight for the moment. The Emperor, surrounded more or less by his Chancellor and a military officer, is being urged to sign a declaration of war. It is represented to him that now is the time to subscribe, or something of that sort, as the army can get to Paris in three weeks, and push the Russians off the earth a fortnight or so later, while England will be obliged to stand by.

The Emperor is left alone to consider this rather momentous question. And being left with his thoughts, which are spoken aloud, he maps out a delightfully fascinating picture of conquest. France and Russia settled and done with, England would be overrun in a week or two, leaving the American continent to be polished off in the lunch hour. It is difficult to believe that the Emperor referred to can really have imagined such a grotesquely extravagant programme, but if this is a faithful presentment of his enterprising scheme, the case against him must break down for the simple reason that the insane are unable to plead.

Indeed, Sir James Barrie would seem to have been at some pains to suggest that the Emperor was not leader, but led, in the matter, a suggestion that is quite in keeping with the prevailing impression that the poor disillusioned creature now roaming up and down between his frontiers like the *Ewige Jude* of romance, would never have had the courage to light with his own hand the torch that has set Europe ablaze, and, as a gallant British soldier has so aptly expressed it, taken the lid off the Hot Place. At an unexpected moment the playlet turns suddenly from prosaic fact to poetic allegory. The lights are lowered, and Miss Irene Vanbrugh, representing the "Spirit of Culture," glides in to give the Emperor notice that if he signs the declaration of war she will definitely abandon him and his. She seems to have kept her word handsomely. It would appear, therefore, that we are wrong in ascribing the horrors of the Belgian invasion to the Spirit of *Kultur*, as the said Spirit resigned her portfolio immediately on the outbreak of hostilities.

A clever impersonation of a nonagenarian hero of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's creation

After the "Spirit of Culture" has departed we are treated to a moving picture-show. Part of the scenery rolls up and shows a transparency representing Rheims Cathedral under bombardment, while the Emperor, in spite of the tragically momentous decision he is weighing, conveniently takes forty winks. After which he wakes up and says he fancied the war was all a horrid dream. Mr. McKinnell and Miss Vanbrugh deal handsomely with the nicely-balanced lines they have to speak, but I came away with the impression that the case against the Emperor was Not Proven. Whereas, like most other people, I am rather for pinning him down to it.

The rest of the programme at the Coliseum was well up to the high standard invariably prevailing at this popular house of entertainment. Conspicuous in its rare excellence was the series of character studies of London life given by Miss Wish Wynne, while Mr. George Mozart is a humorist whose delightful work is too well-known to call for comment here. Mr. H. B. Irving gave a careful study of the nonagenarian hero of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's play, *Waterloo*, and Miss Lydia Kyasht was the central figure of a very charming little ballet.

JINGLE

Who Can the "Emperor" Be?

Whatever its merits or its shortcomings may be, Sir James Barrie's new playlet at the Coliseum has, at any rate, given the critics something to talk about in the effort to reveal satisfactorily its hidden meaning. The question, for instance, whether an Emperor who does not wear a moustache can possibly be meant for the Kaiser is one which it is not easy to answer off-hand

The New Year Among the Books

"KULTUR" STILL THE KEY-NOTE

Yet More War-Books

The War has brought to birth not a few strange books and pamphlets. There is now a whole library of the gentle Bernhardi, who must be shedding bitter tears at the thought that no "royalties" are reaching him or likely to do so. Then there are the works of his master, Heinrich von Treitschke, now in process of appearing (with suitable comments) in an English dress. And Nietzsche, who, by the way, was even more contemptuous towards Kultur than we are ourselves, seems to be entering the sacred precincts of Best-Cellardom. Histories of the war, "standard" histories, mark you, are springing up like mushrooms, and there are surely enough biographies of the Kaiser to satisfy even the vanity of that Great Warrior Himself. Also the war-novels are just beginning to appear. Soon we shall be asked to buy "The Hun Cross," "Wee Willie Wrinkled," and similar delectable works by the dozen.

All the Talents

Probably the most extraordinary publication of all those which have already appeared is not some translation from a German Swelled-head, or a fifteenth-century prophecy of the downfall of Germany (conveniently "discovered" in 1914), but a sober and beautiful production issued under the editorship of Mr. Hall Caine and sold for the benefit of the *Daily Telegraph's* Belgian Fund. *King Albert's Book* (Hodder and Stoughton—of course—3*s.* net) must be bought by everybody. For this tribute of admiration to Belgium and to its heroic young Sovereign, Mr. Hall Caine in the short space of a month has obtained more than two hundred most various contributions from well-known people. Statesmen and poets, soldiers and novelists, historians and sailors, all have combined to express their feelings on this war of wars, and their printed messages are not the usual polite addresses of which Royalty must become so tired, but heartfelt words of an homage which is not often paid even to Kings. There is a sonnet by Thomas Hardy, a poem by Rudyard Kipling, another by Rostand, a message from Mr. Balfour. Americans, Frenchmen, Belgians, and Britons, all have helped to make up this unique book, which becomes all the more presentable from the illustrations with which it is enriched.

A "SCARE" THAT WAS JUSTIFIED

FROM LAST NEW YEAR'S "BYSTANDER"

JOHN BULL: "It's all very well, you know, my dear Asquith—you're rather an optimist. *I* can't help feeling that, in view of the smoke, the strong smell of gunpowder, and the ticking inside, we shall be wiser to open it in a bucket of water"

(Reproduced from "The Bystander," Dec. 31, 1913.)

More than a Few Laughs

It is necessary to laugh, now even more necessary than at ordinary times. Fortunately, Professor Stephen Leacock produces a new book at the right moment. His *Arcadian Adventures with the Idle Rich* (Lane: 3*s.* 6*d.* net) will cause many chuckles, even if the Russians do not seem to be progressing so fast as usual. He is simply irresistible. Whether he is describing the visit of an impecunious duke to a small Canadian town, or the internal affairs of two rival churches, or the drastic methods adopted by high-minded citizens to cleanse their local politics, Professor Leacock in his quiet way manages to write with delightful humour. At the moment there is nobody doing quite similar work, certainly nobody in this country. But, then, Canada is beginning to have her own literature. In private life Stephen Leacock is a professor of philology, though, to be personal, he looks less like a professor of philology than any man living, and I dare say that there is a large number of people in this country who would give much to attend his lectures; but failing that pleasure they must be content with his books. Perhaps, too, we can persuade him to give us his idea of a "standard" history of the present war. It might be even more valuable than some of those now in course of publication.

R. S.

Comment is Needless

THE RESULT OF GERMAN SHELL-FIRE

Our photograph shows the effects of German shell-fire on a church on the Franco-Belgian frontier

Motoring and the New Year

BY
ALEX. J. M. GRAY

A Civil Word

HERE, or hereabouts, endeth 1914 and five months of struggle, in which the motor machine alow, aloft and down under, has played a not inconspicuous part. The experts will have it that we shall be within hail of 1917 before the struggle is through; and that may be so. Nevertheless, in a spirit of optimism which I decline to repress, I express the hope, the best I know, that 1915 will still be young when the peace of the world is restored and we attain that worthy purpose of which Royal manifesto speaks. And then, perhaps, those of us who are not quite seventy may venture abroad in our cars again without fear of reproach from the invincible idiots whose conception of patriotism excludes a civil male population in times of war, and who regard motoring, whether for civil commerce or quiet recreation, as several degrees more damnable than the hard shell Baptists' old-time conception of the Continental Sabbath. Let those of us who, for whatever good reason, must remain part of the civil population, whether we like it or not, do our necessary part as well as officers and men aboard and abroad are doing theirs, making the silver bullets which will keep them supplied with the bullets of lead for delivery to the enemy business end first, and we shall not have done so ill by our country as the uncivil critic would have the world suppose; and let us not forget that a part of our part is to use motor-cars when we can, for the national, commercial, and private service they can render.

***

Signs of Renaissance

I am glad to observe that there is a distinct tendency toward a certain motoring renaissance. Cars which were stored hastily upon the declaration of war are finding the road again, inevitably slowly, of course, but surely. A few new cars are being bought. Men from the front, wounded or on leave, are, with their cars, quite a feature of metropolitan traffic. Night clubs are opening—as the "D.S.O. case" indicated to the public,—probably to the public's surprise, although, having rooms facing one such club, I have for some time been conscious of a stirring. All of which must be highly disconcerting to the critical gentlemen aforementioned, but it is, nevertheless, something of an indication, properly understood, that the nation is maintaining its calm imperturbability—after naval and military efficiency, the best possible assurance of ultimate success I can think of. It is, however, desirable for motorists now emerging again as such, and particularly for metropolitan motorists, to remember that the order against strong headlights is operative to the extreme limit of the metropolitan area, and action will be taken against offenders, the police having just issued new orders through the A.A. For myself, I have forsworn night driving except where I can use headlights. To drive on side lamps is too horrible for words. However, it is now incumbent upon all vehicles in the metropolis to carry a red rear lamp, not a reflector disc, after dark, and that is one distinct comfort.

THE AMBULANCE "SUPER-EXCELLENT"—IN TWO EXPRESSIONS

The upper illustration depicts a £400 4-stretcher ambulance, built for Red Cross work by the Vauxhall Company, and supplied in numbers to the Society. The engine is a standard 16-20 h.p. Vauxhall, but the wheel-base is extended to 11ft. 11in. to avoid overhang, and the gearing is specially suited to the work. The car in the lower illustration is one of an exceptionally fine fleet of nearly fifty 16 h.p. Sunbeam ambulances presented by the women of Canada to the War Office for Red Cross work

***

Enter Alex. Mosses, Ltd.

There are, or were, two sorts of Clement car, a British brand and a French brand. It was, and is, a remarkably good car as I have had occasion to remark in these columns many times before; and its owners, therefore, make a considerable body. They will be concerned to hear that the Clement Motor Company, Ltd., have decided, owing to the war, upon a voluntary wind-up, and the question of spare parts and expert repairs will immediately suggest itself to them as a likely cause for future worry. I am hastening to inform them that all is better than well, since Mr. Alex Mosses, the late manager of the Clement Company, has taken the opportunity to acquire the repair works, its stock, fittings, and machinery, located in Mercer Street, Long Acre, and, as Alex Mosses, Ltd., is ready to take on, with the old efficiency and an even better than the old facility, any of the work which Clement owners may require done. Moreover, there is every bit of plant, including extensive paint shops, necessary for the execution of any repair to any other make of car, and there is my own assurance that nowhere are you likely to meet with more ready and thoroughly satisfactory service.

TO FORD OWNERS.—The Claudel-Hobson special carburettor set for Fords, price £5 5s., increases power and reduces consumption. Once set never requires alteration.—H. M. HOBSON, Ltd., 29, Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W.

Waring & Gillow's
'One Day in January'

ON THE DAY between the 4th and 30th of January, on which the cash sales at our Oxford Street Galleries are largest, Waring & Gillow propose to hand over the TOTAL RECEIPTS to the War Charities without deduction.

The whole of the amount spent by any customer up to £250 can be subscribed in his or her name to any of the War Charities.

The Certificate of our Auditors, Messrs. Harris, Allan & Co., will be published on the 10th of February, and if you bought on the day of the highest takings and paid within seven days, you will then be asked to designate the charities you wish to benefit and the amount spent will be sent in your name to the charities you select.

(For List of Charities see next Monday's Daily Papers.)

The above plan applies to all individual purchases in our Oxford Street Galleries from 1/- to £250. If you buy on the day of the highest sales more than the £250 worth of goods, £250 of it will be allocated as you wish, provided the amount is paid in cash at the time or within seven days from the date of purchase.

Thus we provide the opportunity for you to purchase goods of the Waring & Gillow style and quality at greatly reduced prices and at the same time enable you to benefit the War Charities.

During the 24 days from January 4th to 30th you get the great reductions in price for goods of quality whether you hit on the "greatest sales day" or not.

It depends entirely on the public how great the gift we can hand over. Come to the Galleries during January and take part in this worthy effort.

OUR USUAL JANUARY BARGAINS.

The above OFFER applies to the OXFORD ST. GALLERIES ONLY.

WARING & GILLOW LTD
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164-180, OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.

The above OFFER applies to the OXFORD ST. GALLERIES ONLY.

Mainly About Sales

AND THE BARGAINS THEREAT. BY MRS. JACK MAY

Luxuries of Dress at Bargain Prices

THIS is the keynote of the sale story at Peter Robinson's, Regent Street. There is frank confession that the evening trade here, as elsewhere, has been practically nil, the bargains therefore, in both gowns and evening *manteaus* are positively unprecedented. There are, for instance, some fifty black silk coats and skirts in *moiré* poplin, satin, *broché*, ranging in price from 60*s.* to £5, reductions approximating to nearly 50 per cent. Again, 69*s.* 6*d.* in lieu of 7 guineas will be accepted for a line of smart little visiting gowns in various styles and fabrics, another selection of silk day dresses fashioned of such materials as satin aerophane and *côtelé* being lowered to the tempting figure of 40*s.*

Satisfaction, indeed, will fill the souls of those who have postponed the purchase of any furs they may have stood in need of until Peter Robinson's Oxford Street sale. In coats, one of the successes of the season has been the "Kirby," a handsome full-cut, belted coat of beautiful soft natural musquash skins, lined through with good satin in tone, which has fallen from the high estate of 21 guineas to 15 guineas; a similar style of coat in seal coney, with great roll-over collar, is only 7 guineas; while in fur sets particular emphasis is laid on the bargains obtaining in various fox furs, several equally tempting offers occurring in wolf ties, arranged in the fashionable whole animal style, with large muffs to correspond. This Oxford Street firm have brought out their customary illustrated catalogue, from which those at a distance can safely make selection.

YOUNG GIRL'S FROCK

In pale pink Breton net over pink satin, trimmed with graduated lines of pink satin ribbon, and with ceinture and bib en suite

SKETCHED BY DOROTHY MILLAR

Famous Upholstery

An opportunity that will quickly go to the hearts of those who love their house and all it contains is just about to commence in the furnishing section at John Barker's, Kensington. The turnover of stock here each year is prodigious, as room must be made for new models continually issuing from the firm's own personally controlled workrooms. Barker's upholstery is justly famed, since it never varies in excellence, and they are in a position to make several sporting offers in connection with easy chairs, settees, etc. The "Bradford" chair, a prime favourite in tapestry, will be available, another, the "Ideal," with the favourite loose cushion cover, is only 28*s.* 6*d.* A 6ft. "Chesterfield," with drop ends, likewise upholstered in tapestry, is only £4 10*s.*, while a number of odd pieces of furniture, purchased during the war depression, are offered by Barker's at about half the original value. There are, however, only a limited number of these.

As with other luxuries, the antique section here has suffered severely during the past few months, and has felt especially the falling off in Christmas gift spending. Consequently, the reductions are to be of the most drastic character. It may, perhaps, be asked why not keep goods that must necessarily increase rather than diminish in value until the war clouds have passed? And the answer to this is that in a huge business concern like John Barker's the rule is adamant throughout the establishment that stock must be turned over and cleared if need be at a sacrifice. Then in the more utilitarian matter of bedsteads and bedding, there will be some big bargains going, a good number of slightly stock-soiled bedsteads being marked down half price.

For Small Occasions

This charming girl's frock is carried out in pale pink Breton net over soft satin of the same delicate *nuance*, graduated lines of pink satin ribbon trimming the net over-dress, and again lending it aid in the form of *ceinture* and bib to the *dégagé* little corsage of net; the roses used are in old-world colourings.

THE
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ILLUSTRATED

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DELIGHTFUL PLEASURE GROUNDS,

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Short motor run from 4 stations.

FOR SALE, Freehold, this picturesque old half-timbered HOUSE in grounds, arable and meadowland of about

38 ACRES.

Grand position surrounded by the Chiltern Hills. Carriage drive with lodge. Outer and inner halls, 3 reception, and FULL-SIZED BILLIARD ROOM, 2 staircases, 7 bedrooms, bathroom.

RADIATORS. GOOD WATER SUPPLY. PETROL GAS.

Tennis and other lawns, kitchen gardens, orchard, and small glass. Stabling and motor accommodation. Farmery.—Price on application to HAMPTON and SONS, 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

350FT. UP, ON GRAVEL AND SAND SOIL.

TO BE LET OR SOLD.

HAMPSHIRE.

IN A FAVOURITE PART AMIDST PRETTY COUNTRY.

THIS DELIGHTFUL LITTLE PROPERTY may be secured on moderate terms. It stands in 12 ACRES, approached by drive, and contains: oak-panelled lounge hall (28ft. by 19ft.), with inglenook fireplace, 3 other reception rooms, 7 bedrooms, bathroom, 2 boxrooms, and offices; stabling, garage, and room over; garden of 3 ACRES, full-sized croquet lawn, tennis lawn, pretty pergola, kitchen garden, also meadow of 9 ACRES.

ACETYLENE GAS. TELEPHONE. SEPTIC TANK DRAINAGE.

Station 1 mile. Village ½ mile.—Inspected and recommended by HAMPTON and SONS, 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

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IN A VERY LOVELY PART.

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SHADY GROUNDS OF 1½ ACRES.

Tennis lawn, flower and kitchen gardens, paddocks, etc., in all ABOUT 15 ACRES. Good hunting. Golf.

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SURREY.

TO BE SOLD WITH THE FURNITURE.

THIS OLD-FASHIONED RESIDENCE, built of brick with old oak beams and tiled roof, and situated within a convenient distance of Town. All the rooms, which have oak beamed ceilings and sixteenth-century doors, are beautifully furnished with antique furniture, and there is a quantity of pewter; hall, oak-panelled dining and drawing rooms, 7 bedrooms, bathroom, etc.; Company's water; garage and 2 cottages; charming pleasure grounds, including tennis and croquet lawn, rock garden and fountain, terrace and meadow-land, in all about 4 acres.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (7,949)

BETWEEN SEVENOAKS AND TUNBRIDGE WELLS.

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THIS ATTRACTIVE OLD FARMHOUSE RESIDENCE, entirely modernised and occupying a beautiful high position with South aspect and commanding magnificent views; carriage drive, lodge; 3 reception rooms, 10 bed and dressing rooms, bath; ELECTRIC LIGHT; Company's water; stabling for 6; 2 cottages; charming pleasure gardens and grounds, including lawn, flagged walks, rose garden, wood, arable and meadow-land.—Price and further particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (7,940)

CHILTERN HILLS. 40 minutes from Town.

TO BE LET, Unfurnished, on Lease, or Furnished, a delightfully situated RESIDENCE, standing in a well-timbered park, nearly 500ft. above sea level, on gravel soil, and commanding glorious views over the surrounding country. It has a South aspect, and is approached by drive 600 yards long, with 2 lodges: lounge, 3 reception rooms, billiard, 15 bedrooms, 2 baths, servants' hall, etc.; electric light and telephone; stabling for 7, garage; charming pleasure grounds, including 2 tennis courts, pergola, croquet lawns, and summer-house, etc.; hunting and golf.—KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (F 2,144)

£1,450.—**HALF HOUR SOUTH OF LONDON.**—Attractive modern RESIDENCE on gravel and chalk soil, 600ft., good views: 9 bedrooms; stabling; 2 acres; near golf. (7,746)

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£3,200.—**KENT.**—Picturesque COTTAGE RESIDENCE: 3 reception, 7 bedrooms, bathroom; electric light; garage. 6 acres. (7,925)

£3,300.—**HANTS (New Forest).**—Attractive RESIDENCE in beautiful position on high ground, with extensive views: 9 bedrooms, bathroom; 2 loose boxes, 2 cottages; grounds of 7 acres. (7,549)

£3,500.—**SOMERSET.**—Old-fashioned RESIDENCE in a park, 300ft. above sea level; long drive with lodge, billiard room, 13 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom. 40 acres. Hunting. (7,711)

£4,000.—**OXON.**—Stone-built RESIDENCE on gravel soil, 200ft. high: 9 bedrooms; gas; stabling; 5 cottages. 2¾ acres. Good hunting. (7,822)

£4,000.—**HERTS.**—PLEASURE FARM of 48 acres; 6 bedrooms, bathroom; 380ft. gravel; extensive range of new farm-buildings. (H 301)

£4,500.—**OLD SUSSEX FARMHOUSE,** with modern additions: 4 reception, 9 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms; 2 cottages; garage. 20 acres. (7,342)

£4,800.—**CHILTERN HILLS.**—Old red-brick GEORGIAN RESIDENCE, with 20 acres; gravel soil; electric light; 8 bedrooms, bathroom; 4 cottages. (3,772)

£5,500.—**WILTS.**—TUDOR RESIDENCE in perfect order, occupying a beautiful position; 280ft.; gravel soil: 15 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms; garages and stabling; cottage. 19 acres. (7,803)

BEAUTIFULLY SITUATED ON ASHDOWN FOREST.

Over 400ft. above sea level.

TO BE SOLD, this thoroughly well-built HOUSE, with stone mullioned windows, looking right across the golf course and surrounded by the Forest. The House contains: front and inner halls, large central sitting room with oak beams and gallery, drawing room, dining room, 12 bedrooms, bathroom, ample offices with servants' hall; lighted by petrol gas; telephone installed; good water supply. The grounds, which are unusually attractive, include rose gardens and pergola, 2 lawns, orchard and kitchen gardens, 3 fields, 2 cottages, farm buildings, garage, in all 5¼ acres. Forest rights of pasture and litter go with the Property.—Sole Agents, Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (7,834)

NEAR LEITH HILL.

BETWEEN DORKING AND HORSHAM.

GENUINE OLD JACOBEAN RESIDENCE.

TO BE SOLD, this genuine old RESIDENCE (greater part 300 years old), situated 350ft. above sea level, amidst beautiful scenery, overlooking a green: oak-panelled hall, oak-panelled dining room, drawing room, 7 bedrooms, bathroom; electric light, motor-house; stabling for 3, carriage drive, cottage; nicely laid-out grounds, including tennis lawn, pond, well stocked kitchen garden and pasture-land, in all about 31 acres.—Further particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, London, W. (7,647)

BETWEEN LONDON AND BRIGHTON.

TO BE SOLD, OR WOULD BE LET, FURNISHED OR UNFURNISHED.

A BEAUTIFUL OLD SIXTEENTH-CENTURY RESIDENCE, with PANELLED ROOMS, open fireplaces, and OAK-BEAMED CEILINGS. The approach is by long carriage drive, and the accommodation comprises: lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, 8 bedrooms, bath-dressing room, bathroom.

PETROL GAS. MODERN SANITATION. GARAGE. GARDENER'S COTTAGE.

The gardens are well-timbered, and include tennis and croquet lawns, fishpond with rustic bridge, park-like paddocks, etc., in all about 27 ACRES.—For further particulars apply to Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (4,819)

BETWEEN CHICHESTER AND MIDHURST.

2½ Miles from Golf Course.

TO BE SOLD, an old-fashioned RESIDENCE, 200ft. above sea level, with beautiful views; South aspect; drive; hall with gallery, 4 reception rooms, 8 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, servants' hall, etc.; garage and stabling for 3 horses; well-timbered pleasure grounds, including tennis lawn, rose garden, productive kitchen garden and greenhouses, in all about 2½ acres. Price £3,000.—Further particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (7,674)

HASLEMERE DISTRICT.

650FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL. GRAVEL AND SAND SOIL.

TO BE LET, Furnished, Unfurnished, or SOLD, an artistic RESIDENCE, in the Sussex cottage style, with hanging tiles and timbered gables. It commands beautiful views and contains: 3 reception rooms, 8 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom; electric light available; large garage; grounds of 5½ acres, with lawns and flower gardens. Near golf links.—Further particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (7,818)

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WILSON & GRAY have for many years, in addition to their agency, practised as architects, and many highly important works have been entrusted to them.
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SUSSEX, ASHDOWN FOREST.
Superb position, over 600ft. above sea level, with glorious views.
CLOSE TO THE CELEBRATED GOLF LINKS.

FOR SALE, or to LET, Unfurnished or Unfurnished,
A PERFECT MODERN HOUSE,
with electric light, radiators, etc.; lounge, 4 reception rooms, 13 bedrooms, bathroom, complete offices, old farmhouse, 2 cottages; well-timbered grounds of 16½ acres, practically surrounded by the Forest.—Full particulars of the Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount Street, W. Inspected and recommended.

SURREY.
CLOSE TO LEITH HILL, ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL PARTS OF THE COUNTY.
A **PERFECT SMALL SIXTEENTH CENTURY** HOUSE, containing beautiful old oak panelling and beams: lounge hall, 2 reception rooms, 7 or more bedrooms, bathroom; electric light; garage, stabling for 3; farmery; cottage; delightful old gardens and grassland of about 31 acres. For SALE, or might be LET, Unfurnished.—Inspected and recommended by the Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount St., W.

ON THE COTSWOLDS,
between Cirencester and Cheltenham, lovely position, 700ft. above sea level. Splendidly placed for hunting, polo, and golf.
GENUINE JACOBEAN MANOR HOUSE,
containing a large quantity of old oak and many interesting features: 3 reception rooms, 8 bedrooms, bathroom; stabling for 5, garage; 3 cottages; delightful gardens with fine old yew trees, grass and woodland of 32 acres. Price £3,500. Freehold.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount Street, W., and Yeovil.

GENUINE OLD ELIZABETHAN MANOR HOUSE.
TO LET FURNISHED
(OR UNFURNISHED, £230 PER ANNUM).

SUSSEX.—**ASHDOWN FOREST** (Just over an hour from London).—Outer and inner halls, dining hall with minstrels gallery, 2 other reception rooms, 10 bedrooms 2 bathrooms.
RICHLY CARVED OAK PANELLING AND OAK BEAMS.
Electric light; heating by radiators; main water; stabling for 4, garage, cottage.
5 ACRES OF BEAUTIFUL OLD GARDENS.
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AMIDST THE MOST GLORIOUS SUSSEX SCENERY.
50 minutes from London by express trains.

A BEAUTIFUL REPLICA OF AN OLD SUSSEX FARMHOUSE, SET IN DELIGHTFUL OLD GARDENS, PARK, AND WOODLANDS.
Oak-panelled dining room, 2 other reception rooms, 7 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms; stabling, 2 garages. TO LET, FURNISHED.—Inspected and recommended by the Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount Street, W.

BEAUTIFUL SPOT ON THE KENT AND SURREY BORDERS.
Under an hour from London.

TO LET, UNFURNISHED OR FURNISHED, a beautiful old SIXTEENTH CENTURY HOUSE, standing high with superb views: 7 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, lounge hall, 2 reception rooms; stabling and garage; charming old gardens and paddock of 6 acres. Very moderate terms.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount Street, W.

SUSSEX.—Amidst the South Downs, 3 miles from the sea.

FOR SALE, OR TO LET, FURNISHED OR UNFURNISHED.
A GENUINE OLD MANOR HOUSE,
DATING FROM 1296.
PERFECTLY PRESERVED AND FULL OF MAGNIFICENT OLD OAK WORK.
Beautiful old banqueting hall with minstrels gallery, cloister, dining room, study; ample domestic offices; 6 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, cottage; acetylene gas, Company's water, modern sanitation; delightful old-world gardens; woodland and grass of 13 acres.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount Street, London, W.

FURNISHED TOWN HOUSES.

A complete list of all the best Houses and Flats to be Let, Furnished, in Mayfair, Belgravia, Portman Square, and the Hyde Park Districts, has just been compiled by Messrs. WILSON and GRAY, who will be pleased to supply carefully selected details on application.

THE FOLLOWING ARE A FEW SPECIALLY RECOMMENDED HOUSES TO BE LET, FURNISHED, FOR SHORT OR LONG PERIODS.

7 gns.—BEDFORD SQUARE.—Beautifully appointed and newly decorated. 10 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 3 reception rooms. For any period up to a year.

10 gns.—GREEN STREET, PARK LANE.—9 bedrooms. Close to Park. For 3 months from now.

10 gns.—EATON PLACE.—10 bedrooms. South aspect. For 4 months from now.

12 gns.—HANS PLACE.—Charming oak-panelled BIJOU HOUSE for 6 months from February 1.

12 gns.—MONTAGU SQUARE.—8 bedrooms. Overlooking gardens. Any period.

13 gns.—CADOGAN SQUARE.—Very attractive. 8 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms. For 4 or 5 months.

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15 gns.—MAYFAIR (adjoining the Park, facing South).—9 bedrooms.

15 gns.—CHESHAM PLACE.—Newly decorated. Well Furnished. 9 bedrooms. Any period.

18 gns.—BRUTON STREET, W.—Beautifully-appointed medium-sized HOUSE. Strongly recommended.

20 gns.—CHARLES STREET, BERKELEY SQUARE.—10 bedrooms. Very attractive HOUSE. For any period.

20 gns.—EATON SQUARE.—Exceptionally choice HOUSE on best terrace. 10 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, 5 reception rooms. Stabling.

25 gns.—BRUTON STREET, W.—Charming old GEORGIAN HOUSE, beautifully decorated and furnished. 14 bedrooms, fine reception rooms. For 3, 6, or 12 months

40 gns.—GROSVENOR SQUARE.—One of the smaller HOUSES in this favourite position to be LET for any period.

NOTE.—The Rents quoted above are at per week.

Further particulars and orders to view of WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, W.

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PRICE ONLY £900.

HERTS (in a favourite part, only 35 minutes from London by express train).—For SALE, the above well-built picturesque little RESIDENCE, with entrance hall, 2 good reception rooms, 4 bedrooms, bathroom, and complete offices; pretty garden of about ½ acre; TENNIS LAWN; large bicycle house; gas; telephone; Company's water; main drainage.

PRICE ONLY £800, FREEHOLD.

—Full details from HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

SURREY (Walton Heath District, near LOVELY DOWNS and GOLF LINKS, 00ft. above the sea level).—To be SOLD, the above lovely OLD MANOR HOUSE, standing in beautiful well-timbered grounds of 16 ACRES. Three reception rooms, billiard room, 13 bed and dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms; good stabling; 3 cottages.—Full details from the owner's Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

COMMANDING LOVELY VIEWS.

HANTS (on the borders of the New Forest, in a lovely position).—To be SOLD, the above handsome COUNTRY RESIDENCE, on high ground, and standing in well-timbered park and grounds of 85 acres: reception hall, 5 reception rooms, 12 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms; ample stabling, 2 lodges. A very reasonable price will be accepted. —Full details from the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

ONE OF THE GREATEST BARGAINS EVER OFFERED.

PRICE £1,300, FOR HOUSE, GROUNDS, ETC.

CORNWALL (in a lovely position, 600ft. above sea level, commanding lovely views).—To be SOLD at a knock-out price, the above splendidly built commodious RESIDENCE with 16 bedrooms, 3 reception rooms, bathroom, etc.; excellent farms of about 230 acres, at present let at £325 per annum. Good farm buildings, 3 cottages; salmon and trout fishing can be had.

PRICE £10,500 FOR WHOLE; OR £1,300 FOR HOUSE, GROUNDS, ETC. —Recommended as a bargain by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

TROPICAL CLIMATE.

SUNNY PENZANCE.—Delightfully Furnished and well-arranged RESIDENCE to be LET for long or short period: 8 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom (h. and c.), 3 reception rooms, and lounge hall; good domestic offices; garage; attractive grounds; near links, station, post office, and church. Rent only 6 guineas weekly.—Agents, Messrs. HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (F 13,313)

ENGLAND'S FAVOURITE WATERING PLACE.

WINTER BANISHED.—To LET, Furnished, this charming RESIDENCE, standing in secluded and well-wooded grounds: 10 bed and dressing rooms, 3 reception rooms, well-fitted billiard room, bathroom, and excellent domestic offices; gas; Company's water and main drainage; stabling and garage. Standing high, gravel soil. Near links, station, and post office. Rent only 4 guineas weekly.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (F 11,633)

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TO BE SOLD, or would be LET, Furnished or Unfurnished, 30 miles from Town. Large garden; 10 minutes from station; gardener's cottage; charming country, beautiful views: 3 reception, 6 bedrooms, 2 dressing rooms. Very reasonable price accepted.—Apply, C.S., THE BYSTANDER Office, Tallis Street, E.C.

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FOUNDED 1871.

THE OCEAN ACCIDENT & GUARANTEE CORPORATION, Ltd.

EMPOWERED BY SPECIAL ACT OF PARLIAMENT.

£2,000 Will be paid by THE OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION, Limited, Principal Office, Nos 36 to 44 Moorgate Street, London, E.C., to the legal personal representative of the *bonâ-fide* holder of this Coupon Insurance Ticket, **if such holder shall be killed by an accident within the United Kingdom to any passenger-train, public omnibus, tram-car, or four-wheeled or hansom cab** (driven by a licensed driver plying for public hire), in which such holder is travelling as an ordinary ticket-bearing or fare-paying passenger, season-ticket-holder or trader's ticket-holder; **or £1,000 will be paid by the Corporation to the legal personal representative of such holder, if such holder shall be killed by an accident, in any part of the world, to any passenger-steamer in which such holder is travelling as a fare-paying passenger; or should such holder sustain an injury, caused by an accident as above defined, which shall not prove fatal as aforesaid, but cause the Loss of Two Limbs (both arms or both legs, or one of each, by actual separation above the wrist or ankle), the Corporation will pay to such holder £1,000; or for the Loss of One Limb, under aforesaid conditions, £500.**

Provided that the above undertaking is subject to the following special conditions, which are of the essence of the contract, viz. (*a*) That such death or loss result within one month after the accident, (*b*) that such holder's usual signature shall have been written in ink or pencil, in the space provided underneath, before the accident, (*c*) that notice in case of injury be given to the Corporation at its Principal Office in London within seven days after the accident and in case of death within fourteen days after the accident, (*d*) that medical certificates and other information be furnished by the person claiming upon request for the same by the Corporation, and (*e*) that this Insurance applies only to persons over twelve and under seventy years of age, is limited to one Coupon-Insurance-Ticket for each holder, and holds good for the current week of issue only.

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This Insurance extends from and includes Tuesday, the 29th day of December, 1914, to the midnight of Wednesday, the 6th day of January, 1915.

The possession of this Coupon-Insurance-Ticket is admitted to be the payment of a premium under Sec. 33 of the Act. A print of the Act can be seen at the Principal Office of the Corporation.

This Insurance holds good in the case of a Railway Servant travelling with a pass in a passengers' compartment.

Signature.....

THIS COUPON DOES NOT INSURE AGAINST WAR RISKS.

THE OCEAN ACCIDENT & GUARANTEE CORPORATION, Ltd., 36-44, Moorgate St., London, E.C.

NOTE.—For the sum of £1 8s. 2d. you receive THE BYSTANDER *post free for 52 weeks and are insured as above.*

And ,, ... 14s. 1d. .. .. 26 ,, ,, ..

This Coupon-Insurance-Ticket must not be detached.

D. H. EVANS & Co. Ltd. Oxford St. London, W.

JANUARY CLEARANCE SALE COMMENCES TO-DAY, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 30

Drastic Reductions in All Departments. Remnants Every Friday During Sale.

Illustrated Catalogue of Sale Bargains Post Free on Request.

NECESSITIES FOR OUR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS AT SALE PRICES

No. 458 VB.— **Service Cap Comforter**, can be used either as Cap or Scarf, in Khaki Brown Wool.

Sale Price 1/4½ each.

No. 462 VB.—**Army Grey Service Shirts.**

Sale Price 4/- each.

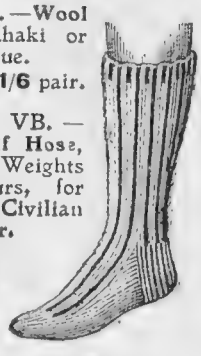
No. 463 VB.—**Khaki Service Shirts**, well cut and made. **Sale Price 5/-** each.

No. 496 VB.— **Camel Hair Wrap**, Beautifully Light, Warm and Soft.

Sale Price 2/9 each.

No. 460 VB.—**Wool Mitts**, in Khaki or Navy Blue.

Sale Price 1/6 pair.



No. 459 VB. — **Wool Half Hose**, in various Weights and Colours, for Service or Civilian Wear.

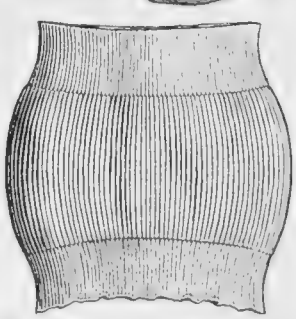
Sale Price 1/- pair.

No. 891 VB.—Real Hand-Knit Shetland **Wool Jacket**

(For wearing under Tunic.)

Very Light yet Very Warm. An Ideal Garment to those exposed to all weathers. In Brown, Dark Brown or Grey. Edges bound Silk to match.

Price **8/9** each.



No. 457 VB. — **All-Wool Body Belts**, perfect fitting and comfortable.

Sale Price 2/- each.

23/- dozen.

No. 461 VB. — **Army Grey Cardigans**, warm and comfortable, for wearing under tunic

Sale Price 3/9 each.

Also Better Quality **6/6** each.

Fine Navy Blue Jerseys.

Sale Price 7/6 each.

Catalogue of Sale Bargains Post Free on Request. We pay Carriage on Orders over 2/6 in value.

Remarkable Sale Values

A privileged glance behind the curtains at the Regent Street house of Peter Robinson has sufficed to reveal a wealth of temptation that will await inspection when the doors open on the 29th on the annual winter sale. Where all is so sufficiently good it seems a little invidious to particularise. But the quick eye will speedily grasp how invaluable an opportunity is provided for acquiring one of those admirable and extremely modest coats of pony and caracule cloth considerably below the original price. The "Christine" is a wrap of surpassing elegance, with a great collar of skunk opossum, and only £5 15*s.* 6*d.*, while following closely in its footsteps is the "Petrograd" completed by a high up and down military collar of skunk opossum at 69*s.* 6*d.*

Tailor-mades provide further food for reflection, a few exceptionally good coats and skirts in a variety of materials being cleared at 45*s.* A brown velour has one of the latest pleated basques to the coat, which is completed by striped velvet collar and cuffs; originally 5 guineas, the sale price of this is now 35*s.* 6*d.* In navy or black suiting the "Russian" comprises a suit of the best style and character, being simply trimmed with black silk braid and costs 65*s.* Throughout this clearance there is to be remarked the prevalence of black, a black chiffon velvet gown suitable for either indoor or outdoor wear, tastefully softened at the throat by soft shadow lace, by name the "Enid," carries the incredible sale reduction of 98*s.* 6*d.* And probably there are many who will be interested to hear that some 300 yards of silk and wool materials originally costing anything from 3*s.* 11*d.* to 4*s.* 11*d.* the yard, have been dropped to one price, 22*s.*; while hundreds of dress lengths and remnants of black and coloured fabrics are marked to a mere song. But the statement holds true that extreme value obtains in every section of the house.

MISS IVY SAWYER

Who is playing the part of Alice in the matinées of "Alice in Wonderland" at the Savoy Theatre

Photograph *Debenham, Longman and Co.*

CHELTENHAM SPA

A view of the interior

Watches as New Year's Gifts

Frequently the gift problem may be solved by choosing a watch of known repute. Such a gift is always timely in more senses than one, and will ever be a pleasing reminder of the donor. The Waltham Watch Company, in an excellently illustrated booklet, give some interesting particulars on the proper care of a watch, as well as practical hints on the best watches to choose for ladies, gentlemen, boys, and girls. Waltham watches can be obtained from watchmakers and jewellers everywhere. A striking proof of Waltham Watch superiority is the statement that over twenty millions are now in use all over the world. This Waltham booklet is well worth reading. It offers convincing evidence that the Waltham Watch is always a safe investment. A free copy will be sent to any of our readers on postcard request to Waltham Watch Company, 125, High Holborn, London, W.C.

The "Garden Town" of England

Cheltenham has long been recognised as one of the most favoured residential towns of Great Britain, but the outbreak of war has brought the "Garden Town," as it is frequently styled, into special prominence. Through the closing of the Continental and German spas to British visitors the baths and waters of Cheltenham Spa are being sought by many who find the usual cure at Carlsbad or Wiesbaden impracticable, and the animated scene at the Central Spa in the Town Hall every morning, with an excellent string band discoursing sweet music, amid a throng of water-drinkers, is full of promise for the future of Cheltenham as a health resort. Many thousands of bottles of the Cheltenham Natural Aperient Waters are being sold by chemists in Great Britain, and it is noteworthy that medical men are sending patients from all parts of the British Isles. Cheltenham possesses special facilities for shopping; it is an educational centre of great renown; house rents are very low, while in summer or winter alike the town is an ideal place of residence because of its position, sheltered from north and east winds.

Souls and Soles

Not much relationship between the two? You are wrong, quite wrong in so far as the indomitably courageous fighting and marching man is concerned. If he is ill-shod, and each marching step forward is an agony, his stout heart must soon be broken, physical endurance can hold out no longer, and he *must* fall out. Give him the proper boot, waterproof, strong, and supple, with the solid English leather sole made to wear for ever, and nothing can stop him from pressing forward. The perfect marching boot to a soldier in the field is absolutely priceless, and the superb quality in this stout footwear specially designed and produced by the London Shoe Company, of 117, New Bond Street, at 35*s.* a pair most admirably supplies the need. These boots have the soles that *won't* wear out, and in this respect are worthy of the big-souled men who march in them.

The Universality of "Allenburys"

In the category of health-giving foods the "Allenburys" preparations supplied by Messrs. Allen and Hanbury, the well-known chemists, of Lombard Street, E.C., take a

Such Splendid Stuff!

A Major of the R.A.M.C. at the Front writes:—
"I am requisitioning for some 'Café au Lait' when we next touch our supply base. I have recommended it to some British Red Cross people as it is such splendid stuff, and you will hear from them."

MILKMAID BRAND
Café au Lait
KAFFAY-O-LAY

Coffee: Milk-made as served in the leading Parisian Restaurants, but made in England from the best Coffee, purest dairy milk and refined sugar in correct proportions. Prepared in a moment—only hot water required.

Sold in 5½d. and 10d. tins by all Grocers and Stores. Large Sample Tin sent free on receipt of name and address of grocer and 2d. in stamps to cover postage.

"MILKMAID BRAND," C.L. Depot, 6-8, Eastcheap, London, E.C., and Branches.

The Natural Beauty of a Child's Foot . .

KELZEEZI

No. 210

Can only be permanently retained by the use of footwear which assures freedom and prevents undue pressure on the growing foot.

"Kelzeezi Shoes" are the means to this ideal for they are constructed on specially designed natural form shapes, and only the best materials are used in their manufacture. No. 210 represents the "Kelzeezi" Oxford Shoe—a durable model for town or country wear. In Tan or Black Calf.

Sizes	7—8½	9—10½	11—12	12½—13	13½—1
Prices	8/6	9/-	9/6	10/-	10/6

Illustrated Catalogue post free on receipt of card.

Henry Kelsey,
The Children's Shoe-man,
94, HIGH STREET, PUTNEY, LONDON, S.W.

NATURE'S OWN REMEDY!

RUBINAT LLORACH

The Natural SPANISH Aperient Water
for **CONSTIPATION, OBESITY, CONGESTION, SICK-HEADACHE.**

N.B.—"A comparatively small dose suffices—A wineglassful—fasting." BRITISH MEDICAL JOURNAL.

OF ALL CHEMISTS, DRUG STORES, Etc.

Stock-Taking Sale

During January the whole stock of Modern and Antique Furniture offered at Great Reduction

Bergere Chair of distinction, beautifully finished in the Antique Style

Sale Price, **£2 : 15 : 0**

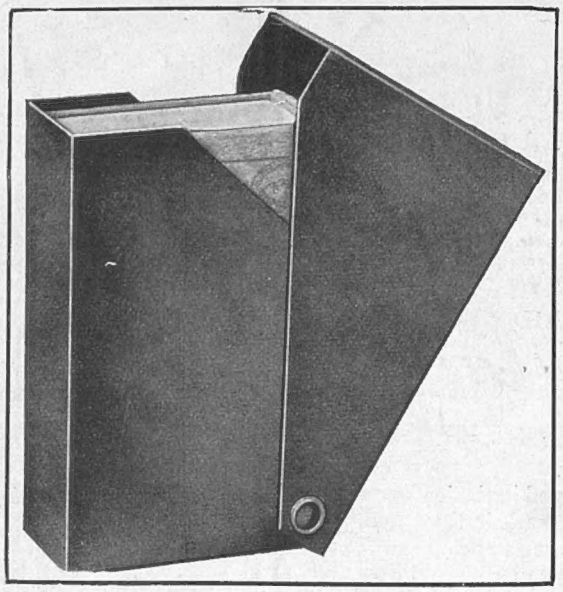
2ft. 6in. Chippendale design Bureau, superior finish and finely figured mahogany

Sale Price, **£4 : 15 : 0**

BARKERS

John Barker & Co Ltd Kensington W

prominent place, for they appeal to all human beings, irrespective of age or sex. The "Allenburys" foods for infants and young children, which form a progressive dietary adapted carefully to their growing digestive powers, are so largely in demand that they need no recommendation here, but their utility may be said to be equalled by the "Allenburys" Diet, a palatable and easily digested food intended mainly for the use of adults, and especially helpful to nursing mothers, invalids, dyspeptics, convalescents, and the aged. But its utility by no means ends here. It can be employed beneficially even by those who are hale and hearty on many occasions, as, for example: a light lunch, or between regular meals, instead of the customary biscuit and wine; or after theatres and late evening engagements, as a light supper repast, promoting tranquil sleep; or when brain or body is weary, appetite lacking, and there is distaste for solid food, it is speedily restorative. Similarly the "Allenburys" rusks, though primarily intended for children when they begin to need a more solid dietary than the bottle-food of early infancy, are well worth the attention of adults and may be eaten either plain, buttered, or with cheese, wine, etc. They are also recommended, lightly baked with milk and egg, to supply a light, appetising form of custard pudding.



SPECIAL "SERVICE" MATCHBOX COVER

For use with Messrs. Bryant and May's safety matches. It protects the box from rough usage and keeps it dry

Keep Your Matches Dry

A good illustration of the way in which things in daily use are being specially adapted nowadays to the needs of the war is to be found in the "Service" matchbox cover which is now being manufactured for use with the boxes of matches supplied to the Expeditionary Force from the well-known works of Messrs. Bryant and May, of London and Liverpool. As will be gathered from the illustration on this page, these covers are designed to protect the box and its contents from damp and rough usage and—a most important point—to keep the striking surface dry in all weathers. They are obtainable in all metals from all outfitters, silversmiths, tobacconists, etc. Another useful innovation is Bryant and May's special "Service" match tin. Each of these tins contains a dozen boxes of matches and one "service" cover. They are fitted with a "tear-off" opener, and are specially packed, so as to comply with the Post Office regulations, for sending by parcel post to the front; while on a larger scale is the guinea gift-case, a special tin-lined case made to the requirements of the War Office, and containing seven gross of boxes — *i.e.*, one box for each man in a battalion — which Messrs. Bryant and May will send carriage free to any unit of the Expeditionary Force with the name and address of the sender enclosed.

The Menu: Two Yuletide Dinners

No. I.
Hors-d'œuvres
Clear Ox-tail Soup
* Oyster Soufflé
Roast Turkey. Chestnut Stuffing
Boiled Ham
Plum Pudding. Mince Pies
Orange Jelly
Olives with Anchovies
Dessert
Coffee. Liqueurs

No. II.
Native Oysters
Mock Turtle Soup (Clear)
* Fillet of Sole with Mushrooms
Roast Sirloin of Beef
* Braised Pheasants
* Celery à la Parmesan
Plum Pudding. Almond Sauce
Velvet Cream. Ices
* Aigrettes of Anchovy
Dessert. Coffee

Oyster Soufflé

Put 4 oz. of whiting or sole through a sieve. Make a panada of 1 oz. of butter, 1 oz. of flour, and a quarter of a pint of milk. Stir into this two yolks of eggs and the fish. Beat the whites very lightly, and stir well. Add half a pint of fish stock (made from the bones), one tablespoonful of cream, and six oysters cut up, steam slowly for one and a half hours. Turn out very carefully, pour a rich white sauce round, and decorate the top with a sprinkling of red pepper.

Fillet of Sole with Mushrooms

Lay the fillets on a dish, rub them with lemon-juice, and sprinkle over them a little salt. Peel ½ lb. of mushrooms, cut them in halves, and put them in a saucepan with 1 oz. of butter, salt, and pepper to taste. Stir for fifteen minutes, then put aside till cool. Then chop the mushrooms finely, and lay a little on the fillets, roll up to a nice shape. When all are done, put them in a buttered pie-dish, and bake twenty minutes to half an hour. Dish up, and pour a white sauce over the fish, and add a few mushrooms cut up. As Dover soles just now are very expensive, lemon soles could be used for this dish.

Braised Pheasants

Truss two pheasants for braising. Line a fireproof casserole-dish with bacon cut up small, sliced onion, and carrot, also a bay leaf and a small bunch of herbs. Place in the pheasants, cover with about 3 oz. of butter, and cook in the oven till tender. Take up the birds, untruss and joint them, put them back into the casserole, and pour over them a rich gravy, which has been thickened and flavoured with a glass of sherry and a teaspoonful of red-currant jelly, cook in the oven for about ten minutes, then put the pheasants in a silver entrée-dish, pour the sauce over them, and send to table with potatoes sautées.

Celery à la Parmesan

Stew some celery in milk till tender. then make a white sauce, into which grated Parmesan should be stirred, and then place the celery in the dish it is to be served in. Pour the white sauce over, then a layer of grated Parmesan, then a thin layer of breadcrumbs, and over all put pieces of butter, brown in the oven, and serve very hot.

Aigrettes of Anchovy

Season some fillets of anchovy with pepper, a little salad oil, and chopped parsley. Let them lie in this about an hour. Then dip each into frying batter, and fry eight minutes. Serve hot.

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